

The TATLER

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Picture by Blake.

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The TATLER

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"... WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

LADY CAMPBELL AND (inset) HER LITTLE SON

Sir Malcolm Campbell, who will be forty-seven years of age on March 11, has now convincingly beaten all land speed records. Enough! Sir Malcolm, and more than enough for honour. You have beaten time, don't let time beat you. Rest on your laurels, and remove anxiety from your admiring countrymen and women

The Letters of Eve



IN THE PARK: THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH, HIS MOTHER THE COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH, LADY MAUREEN NOEL, HIS SISTER, AND A FRIEND

The young Lord Gainsborough was born in 1923 and his only sister Lady Maureen Noel in 1917. The late Earl, who was the fourth, died in 1927, and was Private Chamberlain to two Popes, Benedict XV and Pius XI, and he had also been an Honorary Attaché to the Courts of Norway and Sweden and to the British Embassy in Washington, U.S.A.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—In these days of Lent, depression, and economy, Lady Cunard's party last week was more than a merely brilliant social event. It was something like the arrival of a boat to rescue ship-wrecked people on a desert island. For much as we have been tightening our party belts, so to speak, and pretending to like the operation, there's no doubt we've been suffering from a dearth of the kind of hospitality which that clever hostess can always be depended on to give.

And how well she did it, giving not only one party but two. For though she had only about a dozen people to dinner on the Monday night, a good many people came in afterwards to hear the very good music she had provided for them. Some of them, I hear, took several moments to realize that this musical party was not the much-talked-about débutantes' party to which they thought they had been bidden.

This happened the night after, when the Prince and Prince George came to do honour to the heroine of the evening, Miss Penelope Ward, for whom this coming-out party was given. It was a very happy idea of Lady Cunard's to have the pale green ball-room lit entirely by wax candles. For the effect was so romantic and becoming, and the Marie Laurencin ladies on the walls, in their looking-glass frames,



AND ALSO IN THE PARK: MISS INEZ HOLDEN AND LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD

On a recent cold and frosty morning, Miss Holden has given her new novel the quite intriguing title of "Born Old Died Young," and it is to be born on March 3. It is a high-speed tragedy of modern life. Lady Elizabeth Howard is Lord Carlisle's youngest sister

seemed almost distressed at being overshadowed by so much beauty all around them.



AT MONTE: MRS. GEORGE BUTLER AND MAJOR BERKELEY LEVETT

At the Beaulieu tennis courts. Mr. and Mrs. George Butler gave a big International lawn tennis dinner to nearly eighty famous players last week. Major Berkeley Levett has just arrived on the Riviera with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who is at his villa at Cap Ferrat

I will begin with the débutantes, for it was, after all, their party. Miss Penelope Ward, who danced several times with both the Princes, looked really radiant and lovely in a white organdie frock sprigged with tiny flowers, and in spite of hordes of partners, she never for one moment forgot that she was hostess, and was busy shepherding people into the supper-room till a very late hour. Three other lovely young things who came in white were Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, and Lady Pamela Smith. Lady Anne Wellesley and Miss Diane Chamberlain, in pale blue and pink, completed a sextet of special beauties.

Most of the girls, including Lady Georgie Curzon and Mrs. Morrison Bell's tall, fair daughter, had chosen flowered chiffon frocks, and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, who has definite ideas of her own, looked very attractive in a silvery-green frock with a little fur-trimmed shoulder cape.

But young as all these young things were, there was none of

the chaperone atmosphere about this party. "So much better," as one irreverent old campaigner remarked, "then when they used to sit round, like dogs at Crufts chained to their bench, snapping jealous remarks about other people's champion and specially prized daughters." Here the mothers were looking almost as young as their daughters and dancing just as energetically. Mrs. Dudley Ward, for instance, might have passed for a pretty elder sister rather than the mother of the evening's star débutante, for her dark blue velvet frock quite failed to transform her into a chaperone.

* * *

The chaperone generation, besides our hostess who looked very well in white with her magnificent jewels, included lovely Lady Howe, another vision in white, Lady Winchilsea in dark blue velvet, and the Duchess of Rutland—who wore a very becoming white fur-trimmed black wrap over her white dress. And among the young marrieds were Mrs. Bryan Guinness, Mrs. Sachie Sitwell, and the Duchess of Westminster—whose big garland of many coloured flowers, decorating her back and shoulders, caused quite a lot of attention and comment. One person thought it suggestive of Hawaii, another of a Roman festival. Anyhow it was very effective over her severely simple frock.

Up to now I have made this party sound as though, except for the Princes, it had consisted entirely of women. But there was no dearth of the masculine element. The Argentine Minister, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Stanley, a grass widower during his wife's West Indies trip, Mr. Duff Cooper, and Lord Castle-rosse were conspicuous among the elders. Lord Maidstone and Lord Ivor Churchill among the younger. And all enjoyed themselves so much that the last guests did not

partners in the right house at the right time.

* * *

Miss Nancy Cunard, who has been living now for some time just outside Paris, has just been over here on one of her rare visits. I saw her one day last week, and she told me that she, like everyone else, had been feeling the general depression.



IN THE ROW: MRS. MURRAY-PHILIPSON AND HER DAUGHTER, ALTHEA

The pony looks as if his little jockey might "ask him anything." Mr. "Hyylie" Philipson owns that lovely place in Tweeddale, Stobo Castle, where he has his own aerodrome. He flies into Newcastle whenever he has any business to do, in his own Moth. He is a nephew of Lord Elibank. Mrs. Murray Philipson's brother is a house-master at Eton

depart until nearly five. The lateness of the hour may have been partly due to Mrs. Wakefield Saunders' rival party in Hyde Park Gardens, some of the young people going backwards and forwards because they were unable to find the right



WITH THE BELVOIR: THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE AND MR. CHARLES TONGE

At a recent fixture at Walton-on-the-Wolds. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is a sister-in-law of Lord Westmorland and Mr. Charles Tonge is an ex-Master and present field master of the Belvoir to Colonel Gordon Colman



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN

A Riviera snapshot at the Beaulieu tennis courts. The Duke of Connaught, who is president of the club, presented the cups at the recent finals

The result is that she has shut up her house over there with the idea of selling it. And one reason for her visit here was to arrange about selling the furniture, though she has found time to look up all her friends. She has just published a new book which, I'm told, is very good; and I can quite believe it, for she certainly has brains. Another person who has a book coming out very soon is Mrs. Reggie Fellowes. I may be misinformed, but I did hear that its heroine has a passion for lovely smells just as other people have passions for art and music. After all, why should not our noses rank equally with our eyes and ears?

* * *

Another person, shortly bound for Paris, whom I met the other day, was Miss Joan Pearson, who lives with her grand-mother, Annie Lady Cowdray, and is now with her in Carlton House Terrace. She was wearing her engagement ring with its enormous, almost golf-ball sized black pearl, and explained to me just why her wedding to Mr. Anthony Acton was not to happen until June. It is because Lent is impossible, she will be in Paris for Easter and most of April, and May is unlucky. Her fiancé, who is twenty-seven and very intelligent, is in a famous International banking house, and has been working in Paris, Vienna, and Madrid.

* * *

Talking of Paris, Sir Robert Abdy and his charming and petite young wife, who is still better remembered as Lady Diana Bridgeman, seem to be very happily and comfortably settled in their delightful eighteenth century house in St. Germain. Needless to say it is filled with priceless things, for Sir Robert has a great reputation as a connoisseur and collector, and three of his pictures, two Carpeaux and a Houdon, are now hanging in Burlington House. "Diane" as she is called, adores her suburban life in that once so famous, and now so quiet but still exclusive quartier, and spends a lot of her time portrait painting, a job at which she is becoming very successful.

(Continued overleaf)

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THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued.*

Whether in spite of the depression, or because of it, we now seem to be more interested in the decoration of our own and of other people's houses than we ever were before. And we all want to be original. Of course you know Mrs. Somerset Maugham's famous white room, but Mrs. Charles Winn's oatmeal-coloured drawing-room runs it pretty close. She was lucky enough to find a beautiful old Chinese screen, covered with rice paper flower paintings, in an attic at Nostell, her husband's lovely place in Yorkshire. The great Chippendale was house carpenter at Nostell, so it is furnished with some really wonderful pieces.

Mrs. Winn has a most amusing bedroom in her London house, very modern, with a bed made of looking-glass and white shagreen, designed by herself. The "all white" craze seems to be going stronger than ever, since Oliver Messel gave it a new fillip in his spectacular designs for "Helen!" but Lady Portarlington has broken new ground, and hung the walls of the bedroom in her new house with pale green satin, most beautifully arranged, so that it can be draped in all sorts of different ways. A good idea. For looking at the same wall every morning becomes so very boring after a time. I have never seen better servants' quarters than those at 34, Chesham Place. Lady Portarlington ought never to have any trouble with her staff!

* * *

I hear, by the way, that Lord Brougham and his pretty wife are moving from 5, Culross Street, quite soon. It seems a pity, for they have made it so attractive with some really lovely Italian furniture, which looks wonderfully well against the pickelled panelling; and The Street will miss them when they go. They are such a decorative couple, and so amusingly different to look at. He dark and very tall, and she tiny, and fair in every sense of the word. Their small niece, Fifi Drury, who often stays with them, is sure to be one of the loveliest débütantes of 1948! I have never seen such an immense pair of eyes or such delicious curls.

* * *

Houses and Lady Cunard's party have taken up such a lot of my letter this

week that I haven't left much room for anything else. Not that there was anything specially thrilling, except the exhibition of Epstein's illustrations to the Old Testament which will be open for another week or two at the Redfern Gallery. Don't miss them on any account. I liked specially "Josiah," the small, seven-year-old king with his tragically puzzled little face, and "The Hand of God" which is quite superbly drawn, and which I would like most to possess. But that and four out of five of all the rest were sold the first day. Otherwise various parts of Grosvenor House have provided the bulk of the week's entertainments. A cocktail party at Lady Seafield's flat, a charity show in the ball-room, and the Royal London Yacht Club dinner at the International Sportsmen's Club.

* * *

My Canadian cousin has been writing to me

about all the social happenings in the Dominion. Toronto's mid-winter season, she says, opened invitingly, Miss Phyllis Finlayson and Miss Mary Gibson being the joint causes of a good ball. But the very young are not the only people in the picture.

Miss Minerva Elliott's supper party after the Hart House Quartette concert was great fun, and Mrs A. H. C. Proctor contributed a double event: an afternoon party and a dance the same night, for the special benefit of her lovely daughter, Sheila. As well as her attractive face, Miss Proctor possesses a fine brain. This is not surprising, considering she is a grand-daughter of the late Sir Edward Kemp, whose forceful personality was so outstanding both in politics and the commercial world of Canada. Sir Edward held various important ministerial posts during the War, and was also a member of the Imperial War Cabinet.

* * *

Ottawa reports that the young ladies in waiting for the 1932 Drawing-room are an extra nice-looking batch. Miss Joan Ahearn, daughter of Mrs. Franklyn Ahearn, Miss Sheila McLean, and engaging Miss Helen Grant are three who are making their curtsies. Then there's Mr. Justice Macdonald's daughter, Elena, a charming product of Vancouver, B.C., and most popular at the McGill University, where she is doing very well. She is to be presented by her aunt, Mrs. J. H. King. —Yours ever, EVE.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 'CHASES AT COTTONHAM

R. S. Crisp

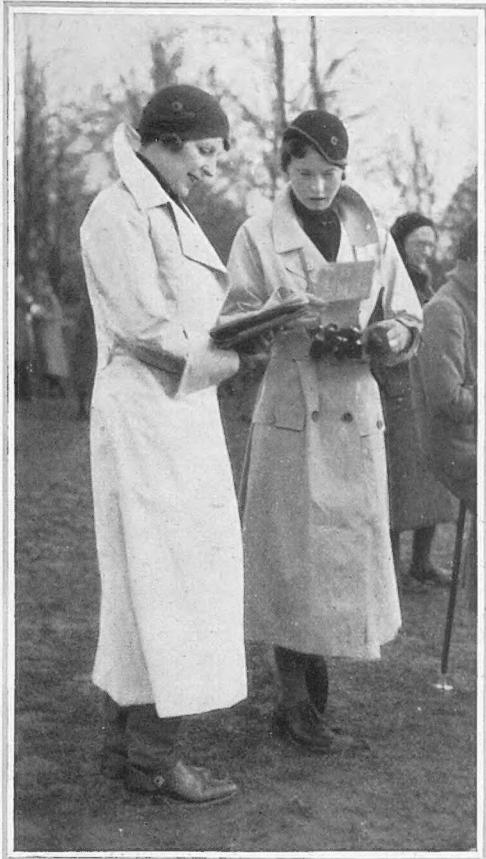
An interesting group of performers, stewards and officials taken at Cottenham last week on the second day of the Cambridge University Steeplechases. The names, left to right, are: Back—Mr. G. Loraine-Smith, who won the Maiden Hunters' Flat on his own Trader Horn; Mr. K. L. Urquhart, Master of the University Drag, who, including w.o.s., rode six winners; Mr. W. Stirling, Master of the Trinity Beagles; and Mr. Sumner, who was also riding at the meeting; in front—Mr. H. Leader (starter), Judge Farrant (steward), Mr. Douglas Crossman, M.F.H., and Dr. R. Salisbury-Woods, also a steward



KARSAVINA AND SOME OF HER PUPILS

Sasha

A rehearsal for the matinée on March 11, at which the great dancer appears, and which is in aid of King's College Hospital. It is to be held at the Savoy Theatre, and is under the patronage of Lady Patricia Ramsay, with Lady Anglesey as chairman and Lady Juliet Duff as vice-chairman. The names of the children in the picture with Karsavina are: Flavia Drake, Angela Burke, Marion Provatoroff, and Jane Marriott. Five ballet numbers will be given, and Anton Dolin has also promised to appear.



MRS. BERENS AND MISS RITA BERENS

A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE:
MR. AND MRS. MILBANKE

LINGFIELDERS



IN FRONT OF THE MEMBERS' STAND: MISS JEAN UNDERDOWN, MR. PENDARVES, AND MRS. DAUBENY



CAPTAIN WEBER AND MRS. ALLEN

SIR HUGH NUGENT, OWNER OF SONG OF ESSEX,
LADY NUGENT (left), AND MRS. GOODEMRS. GERVAIS TENNYSON-d'EYNCOURT
AND MRS. CECIL BREITMEYER (right)

A further meeting between Song of Essex and the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Insurance was one of the most interesting items of the opening day's racing at Lingfield, for each had scored once when in opposition this season. Backers favoured Insurance, but Sir Hugh Nugent's horse, which he trains himself at Lambourn, made all the running to win easily. Lady Nugent, wearing checks and a beret to match her suit, was decorative as usual. Mrs. Goode, the trainer's wife, was also bechecked. Mrs. Milbanke's corn-flower blue cap, with its diamond pin, suited her splendidly; and Mrs. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt (formerly Miss Pam Gladstone) was smarter than anyone and looked so fit, to the great delight of her friends. She was very ill last year and had a long cure abroad. A new fashion note was provided by the military cuffs on Mrs. Beren's white mackintosh. She is presenting her débutante daughter at an early Court. Miss Jean Underdown hunts both in Somerset and Leicestershire. Mr. Pendarves, who has charge of Sea Count, America's Grand National hope, was very gratified at being described in a Los Angeles paper as "England's best trainer."

The Cinema :

A LADY residing in Australia has sent me the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Agate,—For many years I have been a keen student of your cinema criticisms in THE TATLER, and have always made a point, whenever possible, of seeing the films you recommend, though, of course, I do not always see eye to eye with you in your opinions.

"I have repeatedly noticed that you have been unable to give the names of the artists for lack of a programme, and I, too, would have liked to have known who were filling the different rôles.

"I enclose a sixpenny stamp so that you may, at one performance at least, assuming a programme is available, be enabled to fill this want.

"Seriously, I appreciate your criticisms very much, and I always look forward to the hour I spend with you and Mr. Richard King.

"P.S.—My husband has directed my attention to the subject of exchange, so I am enclosing a twopenny stamp to cover it."

May I assure the writer that even in these hard times the representative of THE TATLER can always, when there are programmes, manage to buy, borrow, or cadge a programme. If she has ever been in a London cinema she may possibly have observed furtive-looking little men diving at the conclusion of the National Anthem under seats for what she has fondly imagined to be hats and gloves. Let me assure her that these are the representatives of less munificent papers recovering the programmes discarded by the general public. By hook or by crook the critic always gets hold of a programme, though he cannot achieve the impossible. Let me take a case in point. Last week at the Empire there was one of those double-turn films in which Laurel and Hardy, or some other luscious pair of drolls, engage a bedroom at some hostelry. There was a programme which showed that the turn in question was actually Clark and McCullough in something called *False Roomers*. The landlord of the inn was a comedian whose name I have wanted to know for years. He is tall, thin, and long-nosed, and his dejection is increased by the kind of moustache which Mr. Robertson Hare uses at the Aldwych Theatre in the more funereal of his rôles.

This landlord was insistent that his lodgers should not turn the bedroom into a kitchen, which, of course, they did, proceeding to cook malodorous food in bulk. Then the landlord entered and said they couldn't fool him. "I may be deaf and I may be blind," he said, "but I smell all right!" "Not to me you don't!" said Clark or McCullough, and perhaps the reader has now some mental picture of the actor I mean. But here, of course, the programme ceased to function, continuing to take part in that conspiracy of silence which is determined not to let the world know who this magnificent player is.

Perhaps my correspondent's letter will enlighten exhibitors as to what cinema-goers would like their programmes to contain. Almost the whole of the programme at the Empire last week was devoted to telling us what is going to happen presently, how Garbo and Gable are going to get together, how John and Lionel Barrymore are going to fraternise in the same film, how in reproducing a gallery at the Louvre it has been necessary to prepare nearly one thousand paintings exactly resembling the world-famous masterpieces which hang in that room. It is arguable that the hicks and hayseeds of the Middle West might be satisfied with some score of accurate copies and condone discrepancy in the other nine hundred and eighty pictures. But that is not the point. My point as an ordinary film-goer is that

The Queer Ways of the Film World By JAMES AGATE

I shall see these marvels of the future when I come along, whereas the point of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is, having collected one audience, to start angling for the next. I note, however, that this programme is free which, I suppose, entitles it to be just as much or as little of a programme as it wants.

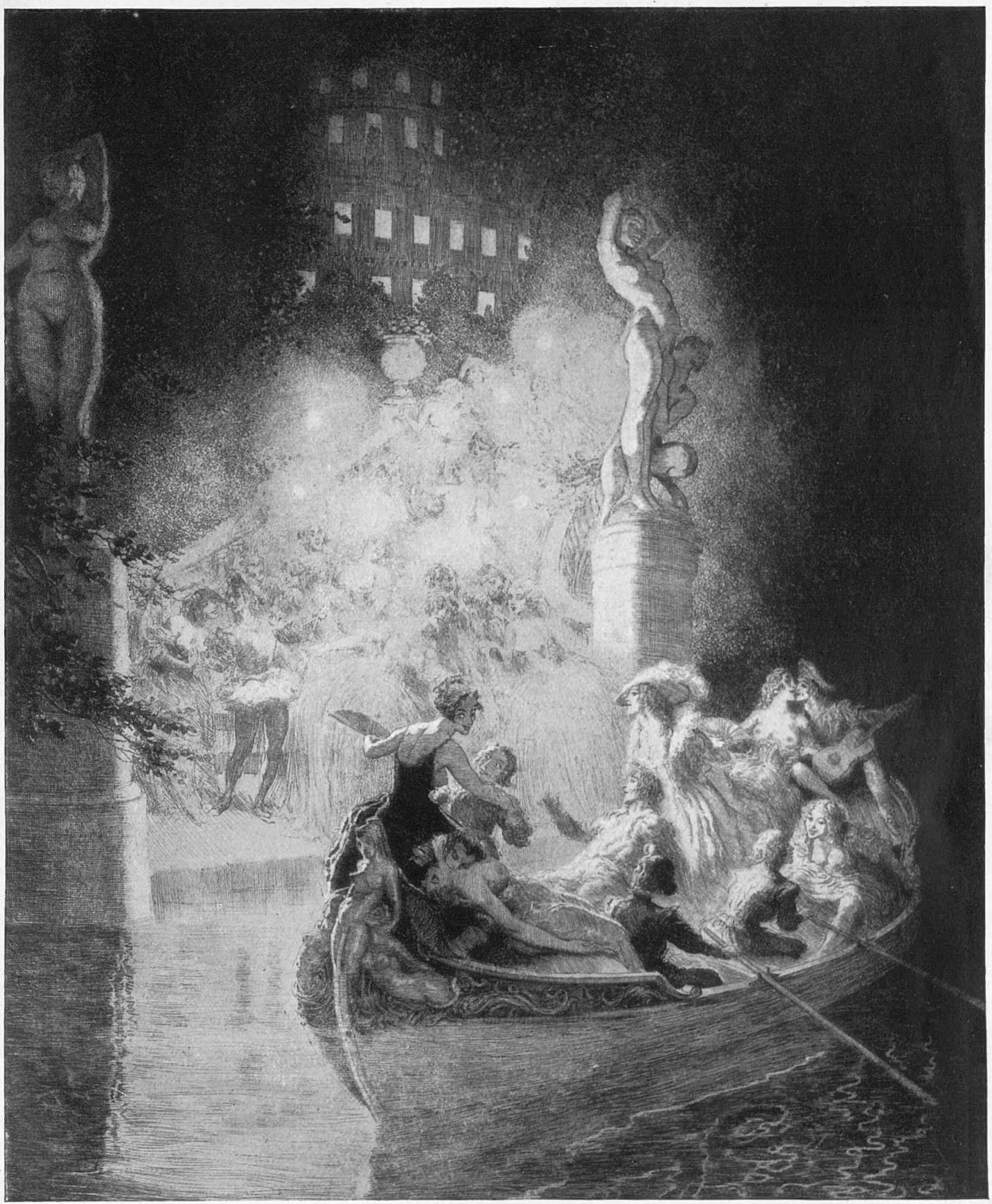
I am rather surprised at the equanimity with which all the film-critics have taken it for granted that *Emma*, the film which has been put together to exploit Marie Dressler, must necessarily be rubbish. It is rubbish, and the critics have made no more fuss about it than holiday-makers do over a damp and depressing Easter. In this the film industry is no worse than the theatre industry. I have for years shouted in the ears of every theatrical management in London the name of a magnificent little war play, half comedy and half pathos, and with enough laughter and tears to draw the town for a twelvemonth. Responsible critics do not make these statements for fun. The reader who knows not the theatrical world might imagine that some manager might have had, shall I say, the idle curiosity to send for the manuscript, read it, discover that it is without merit, and tell the responsible critic that he is a fool. That would be sensible. What is insensate is that no manager has so much as inquired after the title of the piece or the name of the author! Which does not prevent all the managers in town from gnashing their teeth over the artificial complaint that there are no good plays. Now this play would make a magnificent film, and if Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer or any film-producing firm, even a British one, desires to know the name of it, I will oblige. There is no catch in this offer, since I do not desire to have any hand in adapting this play to the screen, and no more expect a financial interest in it than I shall expect gratitude when in the principal rôle a Marie Dressler or a Clare Greet has taken the film-world by storm. Whereas if I suggested the Welsh Harp as a suitable place by which a Jewish film-star might lay her doon and dee in the person of Annie Laurie, I should get a cable from Hollywood asking my terms for adapting Shakespeare's play on the subject! But my sincerity will not be tested. Why bother about a good play for Marie Dressler? Having hit upon *Emma* Hollywood cried Whoa!

The fore-going explains why we must bedew our handkerchiefs over a nonsensical plot in which an American millionaire

widower marries his children's nurse. She has doted upon them and they have doted upon her until, being compelled to call her momma, they find that socially-speaking she is not sufficiently red-hot! The millionaire makes a will leaving Emma all his money, whereupon the children discover that his death is due not to the heart-disease from which he has notoriously suffered, but from an overdose of strychnine administered by Emma who is put on trial for murder, the accusers being all the children except Ronn, who rushes to her rescue in an aeroplane and crashes. Emma's counsel blackguards the ungrateful children, wherupon Emma says they are darlings who just don't know what their accusation amounts to. At which the jury unanimously acquit her. We, in the audience, accept the acquittal because we have seen Emma in action. But what about that jury? For cannot Marie Dressler, when she wants, look as though she had bought up all the weed-killer in South Wales? Do not two of her photographs in the programme show this? And does not her appearance in court suggest this side to her art? In my view it does, and I prepared to weep-weep at the final scene at Sing-Sing. But as I could not have wept more than I did, all is presumably well with this film. Whereby I am driven to the singular conclusion that the good is the enemy of the better, which justifies this industry in not looking for the best. Whence I realize that no one will ever want to know the name of my film.



IN "SOOKY": JACKIE COOPER AND ROBERT COOGAN
Pathos and comedy come alike to this wonderful little boy, Jackie Cooper, who is the first reincarnation of Jackie Coogan, with whose little brother he is associated in this quite charming film at the Plaza. It is one of Paramount's best child films



NIGHT'S FROLIC—By NORMAN LINDSAY

Mr. Norman Lindsay, of whose delicate black and white work the above is an example, is one of the best artists in his medium Australia has produced. He was appointed to the artistic staff of the "Sydney Bulletin" in 1901, and has been its chief cartoonist for many years. Incidentally it was upon the "Sydney Bulletin" that Phil May first made successes. Mr. Lindsay's work, however, is by no means confined to his newspaper, as the specimen of it which is here produced amply evidences. He has illustrated Theocritus in line and wash, Casanova and Boccaccio, and a collection of his work has been published under the title of "The Pen Drawings of Norman Lindsay." Mr. Norman Lindsay's work in oils and water colours is equally arresting. He is the father of Mr. Jack Lindsay, the well-known Australian poet and publisher.

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

A Leicestershire Letter

George Tongue being laid up with 'flu, the first whipper-in hunted hounds at Saltby on Wednesday and a pretty depressing, foggy morning it was for his maiden effort on the Leicestershire side. Finding at once on the heath hounds hunted slowly through Buckminster to Sproxton Thorns and then ran well to Bescaby and on to Goadby. The second horses as usual had an even better morning than we did judging by their condition and time of arrival. The afternoon hunt from Newman's was chiefly remarkable for the tenacity with which hounds stuck to their fox for about two hours before he was given up. It was in the course of this that the Master was "thrown" without, however, sustaining any injury.

The Quorn on Friday searched the greater part of the country for an acre or two clear of fog to hunt in, and finding it about two o'clock, they were able to run backwards and forwards between Cream Gorse and Ashby Pastures according to the immemorial routine.

It was hard lines on Vere's part that on the coldest day in the year hounds should not throw off from Whissendine till nearly half-past eleven, and by the time they were put into Berry Gorse at just on mid-day small wonder the frozen field went nearly berserk when the Master's wife's beautiful holloa announced he was away.

Like a swimming-bath, the Burton Flats has one end for beginners, and running straight across this with no Hugh to restrain the field hounds had to put their best foot foremost in self-defence. Checking below Burton Hall they were quickly surrounded, but the Master spirited them away, and running on through Gartree they caught their fox in Little Dalby. This was great fun, and the next fox from Laxton's, taking very much the same line, everyone knew his way except Brose, who got caught out by a cock-fence with a navigable river full of bulrushes on the other side. In the evening, what I'm told was a three-legged fox from the Cottage Plantation was killed in the gardens at Stapleford. This fox had probably got accidentally kicked by someone in the morning who rode alongside him thinking he was the hunted fox.

The Belvoir had a great day from Sedgebrook, and as usual it was a moot point which of the packs had the best day. As the Belvoir had practically run themselves to a stand-still by three o'clock the palm must be awarded them.

Answers to Correspondents

ORNITHOLOGIST.—The gentleman states his wire is not to keep the canaries in but to keep the more aggravating breeds of finch out.

SWALLOW-TAILS.—Other ladies wear them in comfort. Try wearing the buttons in the small of the back instead of under the seat.

WIDOWER.—We agree it was invidious to give the brush to one of them. Perhaps someone will provide a scalp for the other.

From the Beaufort

After having been stopped for several days hunting was resumed on Monday at Great Soarerford, and this produced a lot of extra people to add to the usual Monday crowd. Luckily sport was good, and so allowed some of the steam to be let off. Why doesn't the lady from Chippenham wear a red ribbon? Surely it's about time.

Tuesday from Cherrington can only be described as a day of moderate sport, chiefly being spoilt by foxes being headed by cars, and the field being completely out of control; in fact, in the end His Grace had to use some very stern language to the unruly mob!

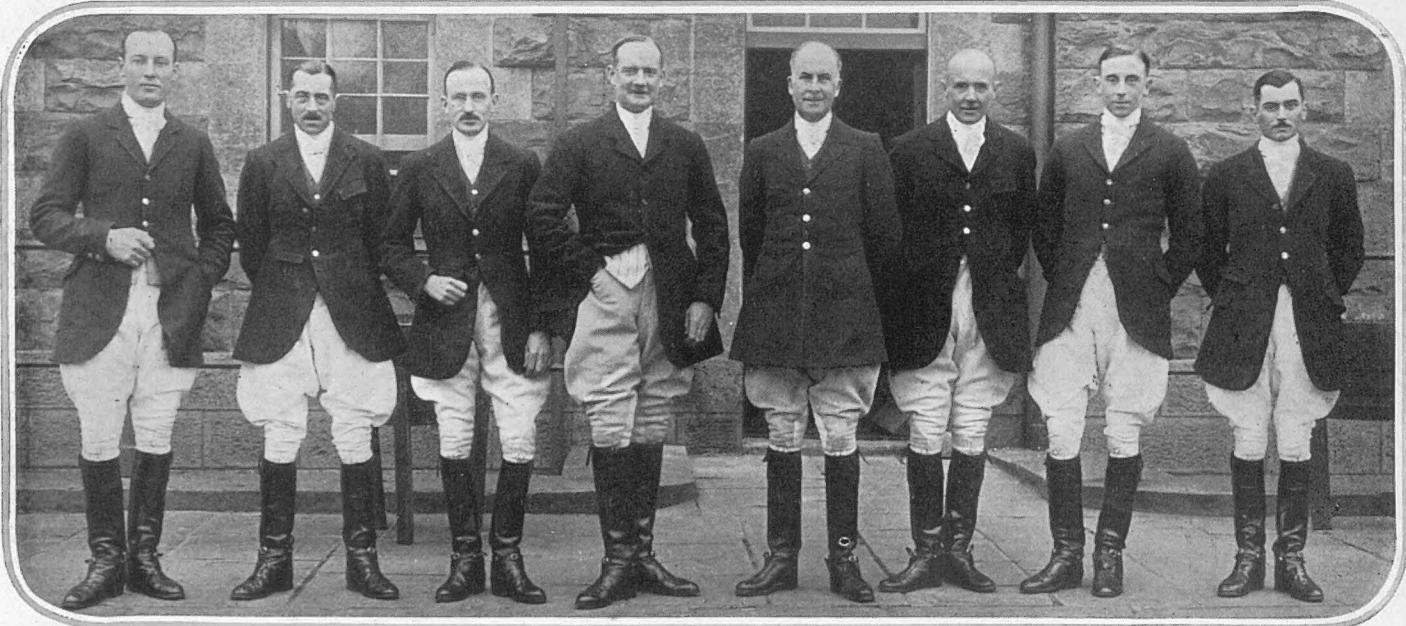
On Wednesday from Lower Woods sport was good, and a leash of foxes were added to the bag. Her Grace looked very smart in her new velvet hunting cap!

Thursday, at Compton Bassett, was a useful day's sport in the Hillmarton Vale. We were all sorry to hear that the Captain from Spyke way killed that good hunter of his in the fast hunt of Monday last. Real bad luck, especially in these times.

On Friday we were delayed an hour or so from our rendez-vous at Yate owing to sharp frost, but the afternoon provided us with a nice fast hunt in the Vale, His Grace accounting for his fox. The point-to-point season is now about to dawn upon us, and all the lads seem to be pulling up their leathers a couple of holes, and some were not above giving their steeds a gallop in the field when hounds were meeting before the move off.

On Saturday at Badminton Station, a very large field turned up and foxes to start with were difficult to find, and when we did find one scent was only of the very moderate order. Everyone throughout the Beaufortshire and the hunting world in general is delighted to hear that Lady Apsley has come through her serious operation so well, and wish her a very speedy recovery. No one is more missed in the hunting field this season than this gallant lady. Rumour was right for once, and we see all arrangements are well in hand for the ball at Badminton House in aid of the R.A.B.I., and with such a setting it's bound to spell success.

(Continued on p. 350)



SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 2nd BRIGADE R.H.A. AT NEWPORT

Truman Howell

This group was taken when Lord Tredegar's Hounds met at the Artillery Barracks, Monmouth, at the invitation of the officers of the 2nd Brigade R.H.A., which has just returned from foreign service in Egypt. The three battery commanders are included in the group. The names, left to right, are: Lieutenant C. A. L. Dunphie, Captain D. F. Aikenhead, M.C., Captain G. W. E. Heath, M.C., Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel J. L. C. White, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Spencer-Smith, D.S.O., Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel C. A. E. Cadell, M.C., Lieutenant F. D. Moore, and Lieutenant R. J. Kirton



HOUSE PARTY AT LORD AND LADY ELLESMORE'S SEAT AT MERTOUN, ST. BOSWELLS

Lady Jane Egerton, one of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters, was the hostess of the house party at her father's house, Mertoun, St. Boswells, during last week-end, when a number of young people were entertained before the Kelso Race Meeting, which was abandoned. The whole house party went to the Charity Ball held at Kelso the previous evening. In this picture, left to right, are: Mr. Agnew, Mrs. Claud Lambton, Lady Jane Egerton, Miss Morrison, Miss Dundas, Mr. Roberts, Sir Phillip Dundas, Lady Susan Egerton, and Lady Mary Egerton



AT THE RECENT DERBY STEEPELCHASES

LADY LINDSAY AND THE
MASTER OF GRAY

MISS RICARDO AND LADY BELPER

CAPTAIN AND MRS. WEBER
IN THE ENCLOSURE

The Derby 'Chases were run on excellent going both days last week, and the weather also had a bit more Spring in it than it has had of late. Lady Lindsay, some of whose jumpers are trained by the Master of Gray (Captain the Hon. Lindsay Campbell-Gray), had some running on the first day, and her Candlemas was second in the Elvaston Handicap 'Chase to Lord Grimthorpe's Wind Swept, who was ridden by Mr. Fawcett, Grakle's jockey in the coming Grand National. Lady Lindsay had another, Pickwell, unplaced in a Selling 'Chase. Lady Belper was, before her marriage, the Hon. Angela Tollemache, and Captain Weber is well known in the G.R. ranks



MISS NORAH BARING (MRS. RONALD SIMON),
AND HER DAUGHTER ELIZABETH

Miss Norah Baring is one of the people who is helping to make British films as good as any in the world—she acts for them. This picture of her and her five weeks old daughter was taken at her husband's charming cottage at Betchworth. The Hon. Anthony Asquith, film author and producer, is to be the baby's godfather. Miss Norah Baring was in the Hon. Anthony Asquith's famous film, "Underground."

An English Resort "Goes Skittish."

I always think that if you would realize the dreadful effect of "Dora" and her horrid brood of prohibitions you should spend a Sunday in England, especially in an English holiday resort. They are such delightful places as a rule, but they might so easily be more so. It is the prospect of a wet Sabbath which finds too many of them with their falsely moral handicap at its worst. It seems so absurd, for example, that if a rich man may go golfing, a poorer man has not even a cinema to while away those weary hours which are a wet Sunday. One may often dance in an hotel on the Seventh Day, but it is considered the height of wickedness to do it "municipally," so to speak. The "invalid" and the "elderly," who so persistently write to the local newspapers at the least sign of eager "life," are the bane of most British resorts. Rest for the young and energetic is not a question of walking up and down the asphalt promenade with mother and father aimlessly, but in living for a little while a replica of that kind of life which rich and retired people may enjoy six days of the week, if so they will. Namely, they want to enjoy themselves; they want something to *look forward to*. They want something to keep them out of mischief and yet entertain them at the same time. Happily, some seaside resorts have realized this just need, and, apart from the "café life," which is almost impossible in our climate, alas! they are as gay, and far less tiringly so, as their Continental rivals. I take off my hat to these pleasure places. I realize the battles they must have waged with that "invalid" and "elderly" spirit which never seems to realize that it can be "ill" and "old" anywhere, but Youth needs something, so to speak, into which it can get its young teeth, not necessarily wisdom ones. All the same, if we are going to lure the holiday-maker away from the greater personal freedom of the Continent, especially the Continental Sunday afternoon and evening, we shall



MR. CECIL ROBERTS

The well-known author and ex-war correspondent, whose latest book, "Spears Against Us" (Hutchinson), is reviewed on this page. Mr. Cecil Roberts was Naval Correspondent with the Grand Fleet and the Dover Patrol during the War, accredited correspondent with the R.A.F. and the British Armies on the Western front for the Newspaper Society and Reuter's. His book—one of a great many—just before this last one was "Bargain Basement" (1931)

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

have to do so by no half measures. A metaphorical automatic slot-machine is not the beginning of "fun," but the last resort of having a penny in one's pocket and absolutely nothing better to do. Let Sunday morning be as conventional as it may, but do let us allow Sunday evening to be as bright and jolly as it can. Laughter is nearer to Godliness than most serious things, and the Devil never rubs his hands so gleefully as when there are absolutely no means for us to escape him. In that very clever novel, "Marine Parade" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Ivor Brown has drawn, however, a witty and somewhat cruel picture of the kind of seaside resort which is trying desperately to go "skittish," but is only achieving a half-hearted vulgarity. In place of its mid-Victorian atmosphere, not without its stately beauty, Cheynton-on-Sea sought to rival its Continental neighbours by a cheap replica. That is, it allowed a financially uncertain limited company to spoil its restful atmosphere, while at the same time it restricted that company from ever making a success of its venture. A wooden Palais de Danse and "Lido" were erected which no sooner were painted than they began to peel; while Cheynton's chief claim to natural beauty was permitted to be exploited by any jerry-builder who wished to run up a bungalow in a week. In this respect, alas! it is, however, not alone. True, I do think that Mr. Ivor Brown has somewhat exaggerated the typical English discomforts, culinary and restful, of Cheynton's hotels. British hotels are vastly improved. Indeed, they would be better still if they were less ambitious—less ambitious, that is, in the things which only make the *nouveaux riches* believe they have got one step nearer a true picture of "Heaven." Against this description of an English seaside resort, somewhat libelled, he tells the story of a rich American, whose forebears had sprung from the place, and, in parenthesis, had been drummed out of it. So they had gone to America, from where its living representative returned to Cheynton so wealthy that he saved it from its own council by buying outright the only bit of unspoiled loveliness which gave the town any *raison d'être* at all, apart from the sea itself. The council was indifferent to beauty, but was prepared to sacrifice most things for ready cash. Later on, this returned "Native" found in a wretched woman, married to a drunkard, all brilliant ideas and no achievement, someone more sympathetic than his vulgar American wife who, happily for him, eloped with the first "flashy" Cheytonian who touted for her affections in an expensive car. Yet, interesting as the story itself is, the book is really the tale of Cheynton-on-Sea. Both are inseparable, perhaps; but each is equal in importance. They combine to make an unusual kind of novel, one you should on no account miss reading. It will amuse and exasperate you at the same time, simply because much of it is so disagreeably true; and the pity is, 'tis so, you will add. In being perfectly indifferent to its natural beauty and charm Cheynton does not stand alone. I wish it did! So much of England's loveliness can now only make you regret the possible abolition of warfare in the air. Alas! the gales are not enough! and earthquakes are not likely, while mass-culture is always slow.

One of My Own Book Récommendations for the Month.

It is not often that I read two really good books in one week, so I may count myself fortunate at the moment. "Spears Against Us" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Cecil Roberts, is among the best stories I have lately read. It is a tale of the War, but it has none of those chapters in it which make War stories so very much alike. Briefly it is the story of the close pre-War friendship between an English family and the family of an Austrian nobleman, and how war broke that friendship and brought ruin and death where before there had only been youth and good feeling and all the precious things of everyday life. And alas! bringing no good to anybody at all, apart from profiteers in all the warring countries. The beginning of the book gives us one of the happiest and most pleasant

(Continued on p. 348)

LOCAL COLOUR?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Small boy (who is taking part in some theatricals): Put plenty of red on my nose, mummy, as I'm supposed to be rather a biblical character

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

descriptions of an Austrian family I have ever read. One gets to know each member of it well and so becomes fond of them and interested in the promise of their lives. Also in their long friendship with their English friends, which made the two families as one in spite of frontiers and distance. Then came the War and an extraordinarily vivid description of the dependence of Austria on English friendship and the horror and surprise when England came in against them. A picture of war from the Austrian side as it affected a family of aristocrats living in one of the lovelier mountainous districts of that so lovely country. Then a sadder picture when afterwards, the War being over, the English family came to revisit their friends and the place where they had spent so many happy days. But the War had changed and spoilt everything—as war always does in simple lives. Ruin, death, disease, starvation. The von Edelsteins had paid the full toll. The eldest girl "on the streets," the whole life and career of the boys broken in ruins. No money, scarcely enough to eat. A most pathetic picture which, however, Cecil Roberts has drawn so sincerely and so simply that it moves us far more than if it had been drawn melodramatically. Indeed the whole book has real interest—even apart from the story itself which, however, is as charming as any I have read for a long time. One becomes so fond of the two families, Austrian and English, so interested in their characters, in their future, in their love affairs.

that the whole ghastly stupidity and tragedy of war, when it comes, and the aftermath of death and ruin it leaves behind it, is the tragedy of something personal; rather as if we had actually known them all and so could suffer with them. I have read most of Mr. Roberts' books, including his own delightful autobiography, but I consider "Spears Against Us" the best thing he has yet done. If you want to read a really good novel which is at the same time something much more than a novel, make a note of its title and procure it at once.

* * * *

A Novel—Little More.

Alas, I wish that I could pay Miss Netta Syrett's new story, "The Manor House" (Bles. 7s. 6d.), the same compliments. It is a novel, nothing more, and less well written it would have been a "novelette." It has a novelette's own plot. The son of an aristocrat and the daughter of the gardener are born on the same day. They play together as children, until the boy's mother thinks that their friendship has gone far enough. The boy inherits the wonderful old property; the gardener's daughter passes into an agricultural college and returns home so "fully qualified" that she is much above her station in life. However, she is very brave and very sweet, and not a bit "upnish." Unfortunately, not only did she still love her childhood's playmate, but she loved his old family mansion and estates far more than he loved them himself. During the War, and when her young master was having an affair with his own cousin, Ann gave herself to Richard. When she found herself with child and her lover so badly wounded that it did not seem he could ever recover, she insisted upon their being married lest he should die without heir. Married, and she with child, the property would at least have a legitimate successor. If a boy, then she would give him up entirely to her husband's

family; if a girl, then she would take the child and pass completely out of her husband's life and the life of his family. Alas, the child turns out to be a girl, and so, when Richard does recover, Ann disappears. But in the end—well, you may guess the end surely? Ann is so greatly the complete heroine, and this is lovely novelette. I can imagine a lot of ladies in boarding-houses simply devouring the story. It struck me, however, as being quite unconvincing as a picture of real life or real people, but it has, nevertheless, all the ingredients of which great popularity, without much critical esteem, is made. Seaside circulating libraries should do an immense trade with it. In-and-out all the time.

* * * *

The Tale of Two Brothers.

I have always believed that when a person is in love he, or she, knows whether he is or is not—one way or the other. It was not a question of a girl, for example, loving one man for half a dozen of this, and another man for half a dozen of the other, the see-saw being completed by the sub-conscious suggestion that she doesn't want either of them. But apparently I am quite wrong, because it seems to be that it is quite common for a girl to hesitate on the brink of falling in love with several men. Consequently, her shilly-shallying creates years of disturbance within herself and quite a number of other people. As a problem

I can see no way out of it, except that a week-end with each one in turn would kill, cure, or per-adventure make love come definitely alive at last. As it is, it is so difficult to know if a person is possible happily to live with until you have lived with him or her, and then it's too late. Ethel Wantage, the heroine of Mr. Edward Woodward's novel, "Winter Wheat" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), never quite knew what she wanted, and hadn't the pluck to throw

She loved Paul Cumberton, but married his elder brother, Geoffrey, because he had better prospects, and also because he won her hand by a trick, which she, of course, used as an excuse to feel that she loved Paul more and more after she had married Geoffrey. Therefore, in great content she finds she hates her husband and definitely loves Paul. So Geoffrey, madly jealous, almost kills his brother, but instead wins the Grand National from him by means of foul riding. After which, Geoffrey has an accident and is crippled for life. So Ethel has not only to put up with him as a husband, but has also to put up with him as an irritable, jealous invalid. It served her right. However, she was somewhat consoled when Paul came to live with them in order to manage his brother's estate. Ethel was one of those women who believe they are living extremely virtuous lives if they don't actually sleep a night with their lovers. It would have been better for all of them if she had. As it was, Paul was being maddened by provocation-cum-frustration; Ethel was maddened by frustration-cum-cowardice, and Geoffrey was maddened because his wife and brother would not hang themselves on the rope he gave them so hopefully to do so. In the end, Geoffrey, once again up to his old tricks, shoots himself in circumstances which point to Paul being a murderer. There is plenty of incident in this novel, which, however, you may not believe in any more than you believe in a thousand such novels.



Englishman (in the Bay of Naples, watching Vesuvius): You've nothing like that in America
Yank: No, but we've got the Niagara Falls, and they'd put the durned thing out in five minutes



MR. BOLTON MALLORY AND HIS WIFE (NANCY CARROLL) BASKING AT PALM BEACH

AMERICAN PICTURES

Late news of personalities in the States is given on this page. Miss Mary Pickford (below), the super screen star, was about to attend the première of the "Arrowsmith" film in Los Angeles when she was photographed



MISS MARY PICKFORD AND MISS LOUELLA PARSONS, THE WRITER



MRS. OGDEN L. MILLS

Above is the charming wife of the new Secretary to the American Treasury. Mr. Ogden Mills has succeeded Mr. Andrew Mellon, whose appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain is most popular. The photograph on the right was taken when Mr. Herbert Marshall and his wife, Miss Edna Best, were arriving on another visit to New York. This time they are engaged in presenting their big, London success, "There's Always Juliet," on Broadway

Left : Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Mallory are among the many well-known people who have been enjoying Palm Beach. Mr. Mallory is the Editor of "Life." His most engaging wife, Miss Nancy Carroll, needs no introduction to film fans

Right : Miss Joan Ridley, the brilliant young English tennis player, is also very enthusiastic about horses, and during her recent visit to White Sulphur Springs spent many hours riding her "English Maid"



MISS ELSIE JANIS AND HER HUSBAND

New Year's Eve was the date chosen by Miss Elsie Janis for her marriage to Mr. Gilbert Watson, as she did not want to be a Leap Year bride! "So far so good" was this fascinating revue star's personal caption to this photograph, and she and her husband certainly look happy



BACK IN NEW YORK: THE HERBERT MARSHALLS



MISS JOAN RIDLEY IN WEST VIRGINIA



MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Also at Los Angeles for the first showing of "Arrowsmith." This charming screen star will long be remembered in London for her particularly fine playing of the name-part in the stage version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*continued from p. 344*

From the Fernie

With the rapid disappearance of the snow hounds were able to meet at Kilby on Monday. There was a Spring feeling in the air as we moved off to Peatling, which disappointingly was blank. John Ball was then called upon. A long wait, during which a member divested himself of some underwear while the sun was up, was rewarded by the fox breaking to Mowsley, but turning back he fled through the twin coverts to beat us over the Knaptot country. Walton Holt delayed us until Guy arrived with an agricultural implement which hastened the departure of Charles, who getting well away took us over to the Master's house, and it ended with a kill near Theddington. Commendation to the gallant gentleman who retrieved the lady's stirrup from the mud, to Hancock who holloaed us on to a hare! and to the lady who mastered the rearing steed.

Skeffington, on Thursday, was a strong attraction for Meltonians. Captain and Mrs. Tailby royally welcomed the large field at their pretty house. An outlier put up near Rolleston quickly sent hounds across the Vale, the fences coming early, and often taking toll of the unwary over this stiff country. The fugitive led into Billesdon Village, finding retreat in the precincts of the doctor's garden. Racing round the Tamboro course later gave prospective point-to-pointers their opportunity, hound work in some instances being a second thought. The after the banquet challenge of the young farmers may revive a sporting incident of by-gone days. They are both in hard training.

From the Heythrop

After nearly a week of enforced idleness owing to frost we were all glad to be at it again on Monday at Pomfret Castle, except perhaps our horses, for whom a week's vacation was not quite long enough, as big horses with small legs and small horses with big legs all require rest. From this meet ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is practically a necessity for hounds to draw Badger's Gorse first, but, as Mr. Jorrocks tells us, "necessitas non habet legs," and the Masters on this occasion took exception to doing this for once, and this was the exception that proved the rule, the golden rule of always go to meet. On Friday Broadwell was full of fog, frost, and strangers, but hounds were fortunate enough to be able to hunt by mid-day. Amongst our visitors were the Masters of the Worcestershire and the Cotswold. The latter country after the recent drought is probably getting short of water, as their Master had a terrible thirst, which was well wetted in the River Evenlode. A cohort of officers of the 11th Hussars bore down upon us and were very much on the ride; in fact, almost on the over-ride, just showing us what Hussars can do. However, we know already what they can do, and that is that they seem able to hunt as much, if not more, than most people. During the day our huntsman had a nasty fall on his head, but, apart from a severe shaking, we are glad to hear that no serious damage was done.

From Warwickshire

Everyone was delighted to be out again on Monday after no hunting for a week owing to frost and snow. The morning from Goldicote was moderate scenting, but later from Blackwell Spinney it improved, and hounds ran very fast across the big fields to Goldicote, and right-handed via Hunscole to Wellesbourne Wood. It was great fun, and the few that were left enjoyed it. The weather is too fine and

dry for good sport. Tuesday at Wychford was most disappointing. The foxes must have had an over-night party somewhere, as so many good coverts, usually certain finds, were drawn blank—even Shepherds Gorse, drawn at 4 o'clock, failed us. More biting east winds on Thursday at Ufton. The morning was poor, but scent improved later with a good fox from Ladbrooke, who took us very fast to the holes above Wormleighton, where he got in. It was most enjoyable, but all too short. We picked up another Ladbrooke outlier, and ran nicely past the covert towards Welshroad, and nearly to Calcotts, across the finest bit of country in Warwickshire. Poor Cicely had a nasty fall in a bog, and several of the older equine members of the hunt did things they should not have done! Our well known friend from the Beaufort saw things very strangely when he sat up and opened his eyes—as well as having spoilt his hat! Horses should have had too much practice this season to fall about now, especially after a rest. A good many have started training for the Point-to-Point season.



THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DIGBY

A Cottesmore snapshot last week. Mrs. Robert Digby, who is a daughter of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, is a sister-in-law of Lord Digby, who was Joint Master of the Cattistock with that great celebrity, the Rev. "Jack" Milne

From Lincolnshire

Feminine interest in hunting is increasing; and why not? Our forefathers would, perhaps, have looked askance at this movement, but women have done a great deal for hunting, and even in these difficult days they play a notable part and do much to keep the sport alight. The voice of Diana investigating poultry claims and pleading for the removal of wire will often soften the heart of even the stoniest-hearted farmer. The latest addition to the list of lady Masters, and, incidentally, the first in Lincolnshire, is that of Miss Brackenbury of Scremby Grange, who is to take over the Southwold (Harrington) pack next season. She is a descendant of a former M.F.H. of the Southwold who held office more than a century ago. Sport with this pack continues to go very well, and two days of outstanding merit are mentioned in the diary of the week. The Kirkby-on-Bain day was especially good. Hounds then crossed eight miles of unfamiliar country on a fox which took them down to the river



MR. HENRY FINCH AND ROBIN WARRENDER WITH THE COTTESMORE

Two generations of fox-hunters with a vengeance! Mr. Henry Finch, father of "Jimmy," who was for so many years secretary to the Cottesmore, is in his ninetieth year, and still comes out hunting with these and the Fernie hounds. A grand advertisement for "horse-back riding"! Little Robin Warrender, who ought to preserve this picture as a memento, is Sir Victor Cottismore and Lady Warrender's son

(Continued on p. xxviii)



THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH

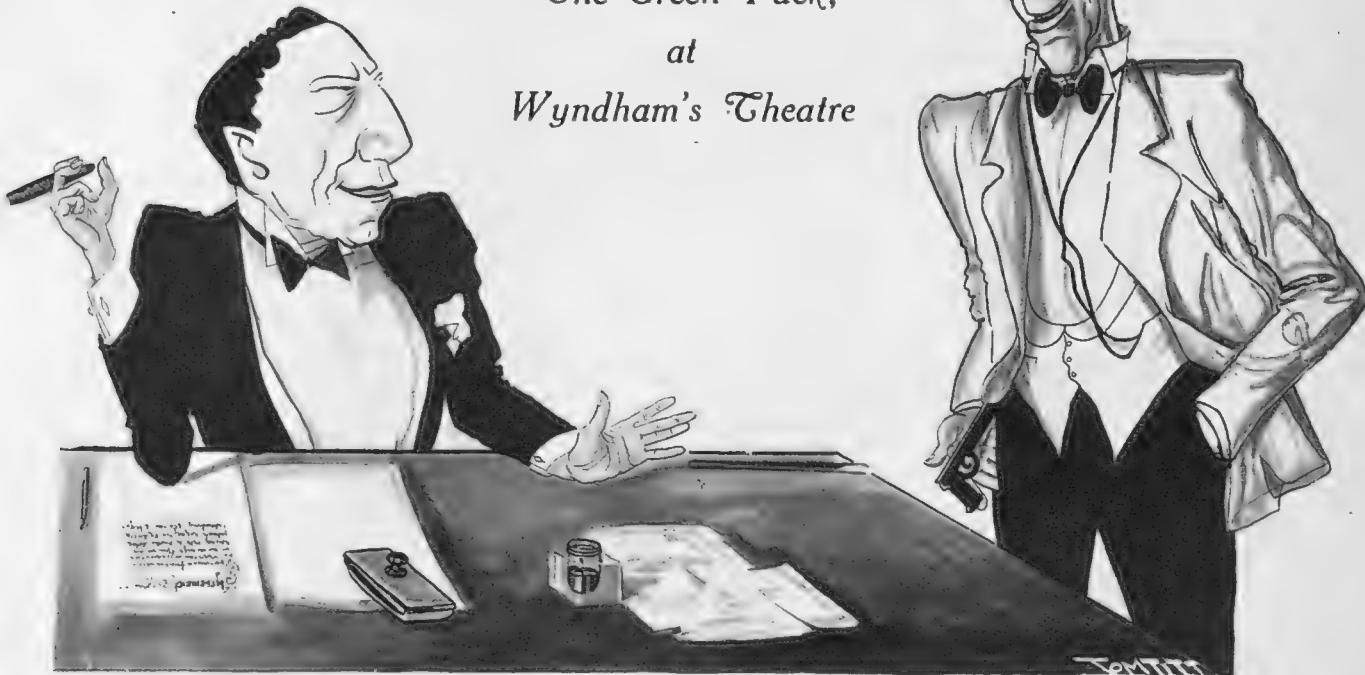
The camera pays a three-fold tribute to the attractive face of the Duke of Buccleuch's charming daughter-in-law. Her husband, who is joint-Master with the Duke of the famous family pack, is one of the few serving M.F.H.s. who are also Members of Parliament. Others holding this distinguished double office are Lord Titchfield, Sir Herbert Cayzer and the Hon. Ralph Beaumont. Lady Dalkeith was formerly Miss Vreda Lascelles. She has three nice children



Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

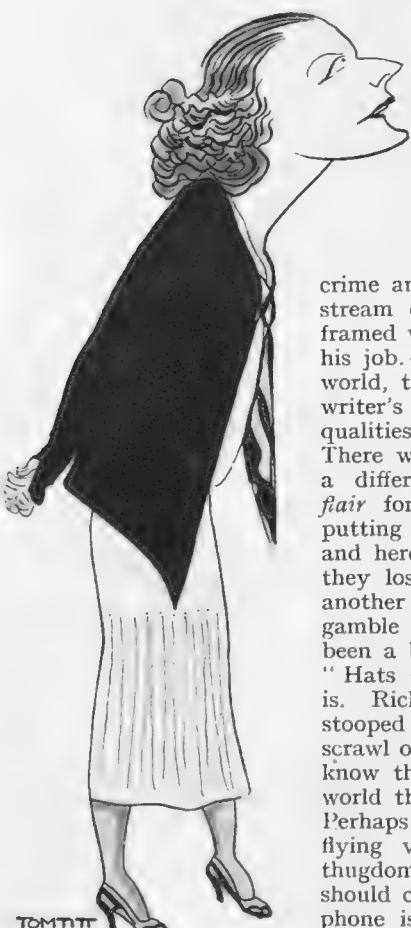
THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Green Pack,"

at
Wyndham's Theatre

A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

Louis Creet (Mr. Franklin Dyall) refuses to go shares with his fellow gold-seekers. Larry Deans (Sir Gerald du Maurier), having lost his gold and his girl, threatens to shoot

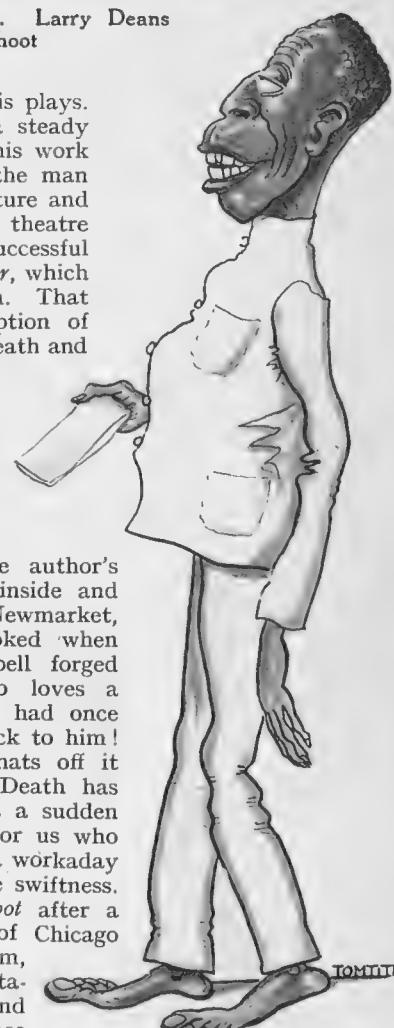


BAD GIRL

Jacqueline (Miss Joan Maude) faces her fiancé with eyes eloquent of a guilty past

EDGAR WALLACE'S last is not the least of his plays. It reveals him in the mood which steers a steady course between his failures (and some of his work for the stage was bound, in the nature of the man and his output, to bear the traces of hasty manufacture and hit-or-miss methods) and those flashes of inspired theatre which place his best plays above the level of his most successful novels. *The Green Pack* cannot rank with *The Ringer*, which owed so much to Sir Gerald du Maurier's production. That first success summed up the plain man's conception of that Beau Wallace to whom Dockland was a native heath and crime an absorbing study and a ceaseless fund for a steady stream of novels, none aiming at literary finesse, but all framed with the competence of a born storyteller who knew his job. The atmosphere, the authentic air of the underworld, the quick upper-cuts of Cockney humour, the thrill-writer's power of making the pulse beat quicker—these qualities abounded in *The Ringer*. It thrilled, it gripped. There was drama in it, and excitement and suspense. In a different genre *The Calendar* brilliantly illuminated the author's flair for taking a slice of life as he knew it from the inside and putting it on to the stage. This time the native heath was Newmarket, and here spake the sportsman who ran his own horses, joked when they lost, and lived both by and for the Turf; whose spell forged another human link between the man in the street—who loves a gamble as much as a thrill and a laugh—and the man who had once been a boy in the street and had made his pile, and good luck to him! "Hats Off to Edgar Wallace" sang Stanley Lupino, and hats off it is. Rich and poor, high and low are the losers now that Death has stooped down over Wallace's shoulders and left "Finis" as a sudden scrawl on the unfinished page. It is a melancholy thought for us who know the fun and relief that "good theatre" can bring to a workaday world that the final curtain has dropped with such inexorable swiftness. Perhaps it is fitting that the man who wrote *On the Spot* after a flying visit to America, and compressed the full canvas of Chicago thugdom and gangster vice into a few master-strokes of realism, should cease work with the ink undry on the pen. The dictaphone is whirring—only the voice is still. In the lives and leisure of plain men there is a blank. Only another Wallace can fill it, and his like we in our time shall never see again.

The Green Pack takes us to the Tropics. Three tremendously white Englishmen have found gold in Portuguese West Africa. They assemble at breakfast in a one-horse hotel, and for most of the first act engage in light and airy conversation concerning



"ONLY EGGS, SEÑOR"

The local *maître d'hôtel* (Mr. Sam Henry) assures his guests that grilled sole for breakfast and Portuguese Africa are worlds away

themselves, their future, and the man who has financed the expedition. The robustious Major (Mr. David Hawthorne), who shot the camp's last mule in mistake for a lion, is the tame bore and butt of the party. He talks unending Home Chat, and his Castle in Spain is an expensive place in Hampshire. One of those utter sahibs, in fact, with

Chat, and his Castle in Spain is an expensive place in Hampshire. One of those utter sahibs, in fact, with

a price. Larry, gazing into her eyes, pronounced these orbs no longer virginal—a good guess. The strained after-dinner atmosphere of the bungalow heralded the coming storm. Creet had taken Jacqueline to the Batook (spelling phonetic), a native dance of horrific impropriety. Larry, a miracle of chivalrous forbearance, had brought her back by the scruff of the arm. Creet had been called a bastard, had the term withdrawn "in fairness to all the other bastards," been threatened with a revolver, and departed, full of his besetting sin (brandy), to enjoy the Batook alone. But not before Jacqueline had dug a pit for his knavery with a pretty story about a certain impending disaster. Marriage being out of Creet's line (he had a wife in some convent; with religious scruples on divorce), that arch-twister magnanimously proposed to marry his damaged goods off to her fiancé and pay his debts.

Meanwhile, the three explorers were screwing their resolves to the point of murder most piquant. Whoever drew the Ace of Spades from the green pack should do the deed, giving no sign that the fatal card was his. The climax works itself up with quiet force in a game of guess-who-did-it, with each man showing signs of guilt and strain, and ends with a surprise *dénouement* which shall not be divulged here. If the piece lacks violent action, suspense, skilfully maintained, makes an efficient substitute and provides a very pleasant evening's entertainment, with plentiful trimmings of crisp repartee in the



SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?

The Doctor (Mr. J. H. Roberts) and his wife (Miss Jessie Winter)

the heart of a lion and the intelligence of a mouse. The silent gold-digger (Mr. Alan Napier) is engrossed in smoking a pipe, growing a beard, and dreaming of a racing stable at Newmarket. The third, Larry Deans (Sir Gerald du Maurier), the most ingratiating bankrupt who ever side-stepped Carey Street, is the only one with any real charm, humour, or common sense. The others thought that when the fourth partner, Louis Creet (Mr. Franklin Dyall), arrived on the scene, the spoils would be divided by four and everybody would live happily ever after. But Larry had his doubts.

One glance at Mr. Creet and we had ours, too. Mr. Dyall's sinister mien postulated no such simple sum in division. Mr. Creet had signed no contract, and, having risked £3000 and paid their salaries, signified his intention of handing them a couple of thousand apiece for their services and pocketing the swag.

A dirty trick; but really we were not too sure whether the cheated were merely reaping the harvest of bad business. Larry knew Creet, and of a certain innocent maiden whom he had ruined. It was a little late in the day to flourish a contract in the sallow, crafty face of so palpable and hypochondriac a villain. But, to divert our sympathies into the right quarter, Mr. Creet's further iniquities were rapidly unmasked. He had not travelled alone. Larry's fiancée, Jacqueline (Miss Joan Maude), had accompanied him (at his expense), and also her father, Creet's tame doctor (Mr. J. H. Roberts), and her mother (Miss Jessie Winter). Why the doctor should have leased the Commandant's bungalow, a few miles away, wherein to entertain his patient I could not quite grasp.

At any rate, Jacqueline was in her benefactor's power. Creet had paid her gambling debts—at

best Wallace manner, and local colour.

The acting is easy and accomplished. Mr. David Hawthorne is the compleat British heavyweight; Mr. Alan Napier is effectively dour and oysterish; the honeyed suavity of Mr. J. H. Roberts's voice would melt the heart of an American cop; Mr. Franklin Dyall is, as always, a consummate villain; the study of modern girlhood on the down grade, an integral part of the play, revealing the author as a psychologist, is capably done by Miss Joan Maude; and Miss Jessie Winter brings major talents to a minor part. Sir Gerald adds to the rôle of producer one of those facile and polished performances which turn Art and Nature into the heavenliest of twins.

"TRINCULO."



MURDER ON THE CARDS: WHO DREW THE ACE OF SPADES?

The taciturn Mark (Mr. Alan Napier), the obtuse Tubby (Mr. David Hawthorne), and the resourceful Larry (Sir Gerald du Maurier) decide who shall bump off the villain

FROM THE SHIRES



WITH THE QUORN: LORD AND LADY EBRINGTON AND THEIR DAUGHTERS, THE HON. MARGARET AND THE HON. ELIZABETH FORTESCUE



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MISS MOLLY GRETTON AND LADY IRENE CUBITT



MR. PHILLIPPS AND LADY CATHERINE AND LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY WITH THE COTTESMORE



MR. RICHARD GATTY, MISS JEAN GOSCHEN AND MOLLY CHAPLIN



LADY ALLENDALE AND CAPTAIN VICTOR CARTWRIGHT

Fox-hunting is nearing the last weeks of one of the most open seasons for a long time past, and it can be said that nowhere in the kingdom has there been any serious hold-up from any of the usual causes, foot and mouth, frost or fog; and the wonder is that anyone has any horses left after such a regular non-stop performance. All these pictures, bar the one of Lord and Lady Ebrington and their two little daughters, who were with the Quorn on the Queniborough day, were taken when the Cottesmore met at Whissendine, which is not far from Oakham and is renowned for the famous brook. Lady Irene Cubitt, who is with Miss Molly Gretton, is a daughter of Lord and Lady Camden. Lady Catherine and Lady Priscilla Willoughby are Lord and Lady Ancaster's two daughters; and Lady Allendale, who is talking to that hard-riding man, Victor Cartwright, who hands it out to them in whatever country he goes, was Miss Violet Seely

KILLING SALMON IN MEATH



LADY POLLINGTON AND HER SON JOHN

LORD AND LADY POLLINGTON
FISHING THE BOYNE NEAR SLANE

The Boyne is not only famous for a certain battle in which a Stuart king got the worse of the deal and also for being the dividing line of one of the finest hunting countries in the wide world (Meath), but also for its salmon. A Boyne salmon would run his brother of the Tay or the Tweed, or anywhere else, very close, and so far the reports are of the very best. Lord Pollington is the Earl of Mexborough's son and heir and Lady Pollington is the daughter of Captain Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, who is in the bottom picture on this page. The reach of the Boyne they are fishing is Lord Conyngham's, on his Slane Castle estate, and is one of the best on the river. The water at present is almost at summer level and a lot more rain is wanted to make it first class



CAPTAIN ANDREW FLETCHER, ALSO ON THE BOYNE

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

PRISCILLA in

TRÈS CHER.—Everyone was somewhat of an optimist last week when they thought that the ice would bear on the Grand Canal at Versailles! Certainly it "bore" for a bit, but by the time I got out there it had changed its mind, and I did most of my skating flat on my tummy trying to do rescue work! Nasty cold job for a February afternoon, but not so nasty and cold as for the poor devils in the water!

* * *

M. Francis de Croisset's new and most successful play, "*Il était une fois*," at the Ambassadeurs Theatre, seems to be inspired by the Lombroso theory that—transposed into vulgar words—may be expressed as: Unhandsome is as unhandsome does! A waif whose face was grotesquely and hideously distorted by infantile paralysis during her miserable childhood does not grow into gracious adolescence; she becomes a cruel, vindictive little wretch with a grudge against humanity and the keen desire to do as much harm as possible to a world that has treated her so ill. She is employed by a gang of blackmailers as a sort of secretary-Jane-of-all-trades, and although nominally only their employee, she becomes the moving spirit of the organisation. During a burglary, she manipulates the jemmy as handily as the typewriter . . . she and her companions are surprised by the owner of the house. The men get away, but the girl falls and breaks her ankle. The owner of the house, a surgeon, celebrated for the facial operations

thereof provides for two acts and several tableaux, and as the transformation does take place, and is accomplished with neither pathos, bathos, nor sob-stuff, the process is interesting to watch.

Excellent acting covers a multitude of dramatic improbabilities. Improbabilities of which M. de Croisset is obviously aware, given the title of his play. Gaby Morlay, whose four years' hard labour as leading lady in Henry Bernstein's plays at the Gymnase have taught her the value of restraint in situations that easily might be over-acted, is remarkable in the rôle of the changeling. Her make-up during the first act gives points to Chaliapine and Jean Perier. First-night audiences are not particularly impressionable, but a shudder swept the stalls when we realised who the leering gnome was, and we felt, as the Americans put it, "sick to our stomachs"! Dubucourt, Jean Max, Dubosc, and young Bara, completed an unusually well-cast company.

* * *

Have you read Mme. Colette's recent book, "*Ces Plaisirs*"? The title is inspired from a phrase in one of her own novels, "*Le Blé en Herbe*"; "*Ces plaisirs qu'on nomme, à la légère, physiques*." I hardly know how to describe it. It is not a novel, nor a biography, and yet it is more than a simple volume of souvenirs for all that she writes, most intimately, of herself and of her friends during the past thirty years—some of whom, such as Renée Vivien and Marguerite Moreno, she mentions by name. Other pseudonyms are transparent, and Marcel Boulestin, who was her husband's secretary in those days, will easily recall the parties she speaks of and that she used to give in the gym. studio, that she called her *garçonne*, above the flat in the rue de Courcelles. This is a book to be read in the original. The works of Colette in English are not translations but . . . amputations from the French; and it makes those who love her sad to see how completely she is betrayed by them.

Another book that you must read is André Maurois's "*Le Cercle de Famille*." You have in this case, however, my kind permission to wait for the English version you are sure to get sooner or later. It is an interesting study of a young Frenchwoman who in her childhood is shamed and obsessed by her mother's lightness (can one thus translate *légèreté*?) and her father's unhappiness on this account. She grows up with the fixed idea that, come what may, she herself will never stray from the dull path of matrimonial rectitude. Nevertheless, little by little, almost without realising it, the hereditary taint is too strong for her, and the last pages of the story find her own little daughter suffering exactly as she herself had suffered in her childhood. The early chapters, dealing with school and student life in the French provinces and in Paris, are, *à mon humble avis*, the best in the book. Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MLLE LUCIENNE GIVRY

A charming young French actress who has made a name for herself on the movies and also is of that rather rare type, a true nut-brown brunette. One of her more or less recent successes has been in Bourdet's "*Sexe Faible*"



SIGNORINA ATTLIA RADICE—ITALY'S PRIMA BALLERINA

The newly-appointed (by Mussolini his own self) prima ballerina of the Scala, Milan, is rated one of the most beautiful women in all Italy. She began her dancing career twenty years ago, when she was six, and during her career she has danced all over Europe and at many command performances

thereof provides for two acts and several tableaux, and as the transformation does take place, and is accomplished with neither pathos, bathos, nor sob-stuff, the process is interesting to watch.

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Brilliance and Beauty



LEILA HYAMS IN "FREAKS"

NORMA SHEARER IN "PRIVATE LIVES"

Norma Shearer has had the biggest success of her brilliant career in "Private Lives," Mr. Noel Coward's famous play, and it is the best of a vintage year of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions, and the packed audiences which saw this picture at the Empire during its recent run were all of the one way of thinking. It is one of the few stage plays translated to the films which has suffered hardly at all in the process. And Norma Shearer was magnificent. Leila Hyams, also, has added lustre to her record in her new film, "Freaks," and so has pretty Joan Crawford in "Possessed." Her real name is Lucille Le Suedo



JOAN CRAWFORD'S LATEST PICTURE IS "POSSESSED"



THE PRISONER

Mr. and Mrs. Saul and (left) Miss Sheila Seely in "Tanks," given by members of the South Notts and Lord Harrington's Hunts, in their variety show in aid of charity. Miss Seely is engaged to the Hon. Charles FitzRoy, M. F. H., only son of Lord Southampton

Photos by
Howard Barrett



"STICK 'EM UP!": Miss Hanson proves one too many for her brother in "The Burglar." The local Nursing Association was the good cause of the entertainment



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER FACES: This is not an Aberdonian who has lost sixpence, but Mr. William Franklin, a noted amateur actor, who had a *succès fou* at Calverton, where all these pictures were taken. Don't miss the sporran!

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM: Miss Hanson, Mrs. W. E. Seely and Miss Bissill making up. Mrs. Seely directed the show, which was presented seven times to crowded houses. Miss Bissill is engaged to Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley's only son, Mr. Thomas Readett-Bayley

MRS. M. A. GEMMELL'S GRAND NATIONAL FAVOURITE



GREGALACH, by MY PRINCE ST. GERMAINE
By J. LYNWOOD PALMER

At the time of going to press Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's beautiful chestnut gelding is nominal favourite for the Grand National run at Aintree on March 18, and his price is a point shorter than that of Grakle, who won the great steeplechase last year, when Gregalach was second. Gregalach won the Grand National in 1929, the year of the record field of sixty-six, of which ten got the course. In the 1930 race Gregalach fell, and there was, as may be recalled, a good deal of talk and trouble about him some time before the race. Easter Hero was also amiss before the race. Mr. Thackray rides Gregalach this year, and everyone will wish the owner, the jockey, and the gallant horse all possible luck



THE PORTMAN UNDER A STORM

By LIONEL EDWARDS

A beautiful picture which tells us yet once again that Lionel Edwards, besides being England's finest portrayer of the fox-hunt, is also a master of the hunting scene. They are running on with apparently a serving scent even though it is probable they have a sinking fox close before them, for the dogs are on the bank into the road and must be feeling that all his efforts may be brought to naught, as when that black storm bursts all traces of scent. For instance, Mr. W. W. B. Scott, to the Portman hunt's great regret, is retiring at the end of this season. Part of his



RAM-CLOUD NEAR RAM'S HILL

MABEL R. D. SCOTT
R.D.S., R.I., R.C.A.

One of her best landscape artists. This picture will say a lot to a fox-hunter and especially to anyone who hunts hounds himself. A terrier man has viewed him over the road and the Master (Mr. W. W. B. Scott) who hunts hounds is just dropping off a Dorsetshire tenant will be washed away. The banks in the Portman country are definitely sizeable but quite unlike the Irish ones, in Meath for this time he was Joint Master with Captain W. P. Browne—a Royal Dragoon partnership which was a great success.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



HELLO—GOODBYE !!



CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT, V.C.,
LORD DUMFRIES, HIS FIANCÉE, LADY
EILEEN FORBES, AND MR. T. K. LAIDLAW

Four of the many personalities to be seen at Baldoyle's one-day steeplechase meeting. Lord Dumfries has been staying with his fiancée and her parents, Lord and Lady Granard, at Castle Forbes. Mr. T. K. Laidlaw is a noted supporter of the Irish Turf and used to own both Grakle and Gregalach. The Hon. Mrs. Whidborne and her husband (see below) came over from Luttrellstown, the home of her brother and sister-in-law, the Hon. Brinsley and Mrs. Plunket



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. WHIDBORNE



MR. AND MRS. BOWES DALY

Off to look at the runners for the National Trial 'Chase, won by Prince of Iveagh. Mr. Daly and Lord Altamont will again be in command of the Galway Blazers next season as Mr. Tom Hilder is giving up. Mrs. Daly is Lady Dalkeith's sister. Lady Athlumney, now an ardent pursuer of Irish foxes, though she only started hunting a couple of seasons ago, is seen with that grand sportsman Captain Harry Fowler, an ex-Master of the Meath and just about the best man ever known across that country in his day

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

At Baldoyle

IRISH RACE-GOERS



TICKING OFF THE RUNNERS

Lady Moira Forbes and Lord Delamere busy making notes. Lady Moira's fiancé, the Marquis de Brissac, shares her enthusiasm for hunting and racing, and during his last visit to Ireland bought a horse which he will ride at Punchestown



LADY ATHLUMNEY AND CAPTAIN FOWLER



THE "OLD COLDSTREAMERS ASSOCIATION" (SHROPSHIRE BRANCH) ANNUAL DINNER

Truman Howell

An interesting group of past and present officers who were at this dinner held recently at Shrewsbury. The names are: (seated) Major-General C. J. C. Grant, C.B., D.S.O. (G.O.C. Welsh Area), Lord Harlech, C.B., Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Codrington, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (Colonel of the regiment—a position held by his father), Colonel John Vaughan Campbell, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O. (The Tally-Ho V.C., who raised the Shropshire Branch, of which he is President), Colonel Evelyn Gibbs, M.C. (The Regimental Lieut.-Colonel), Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, K.C.B., C.M.G. and Brig.-General A.H.O. Lloyd, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O. (Standing): Sergt. Macdivitt (Hon. Secretary), Major E. Longueville, M.F.H. (Master of the Radnor and West Herefordshire Hounds), Lt.-Col. H. C. Lloyd, D.S.O., M.C., Major F. Longueville, D.S.O., M.C., Colonel Windsor-Clive, C.M.G., M.C., Lt.-Col. Longueville (Treasurer), Major Houston, Colonel Howes, D.S.O., M.C., Captain Eccles and Captain Lord Stratheden (the Regimental Adjutant). The pedigree of the Coldstream Guards is one of the most interesting in the whole of the British Army. The regiment descends direct from the New Model Army and more particularly from two battalions of that immortal force, Weldon's and Herbert's. Five companies were taken from each of them to form a new regiment, under Colonel George Monck, and it was known for some time as "Monck's Foot." On the Restoration, the regiment was taken into the King's service as the Coldstream Guards on Feb. 14, 1661, Monck continuing to command it till 1670, when he died. Some descendant of the family has been in the Coldstream practically ever since



TWO INTERESTING GROUPS IN THE FERNIE DOMAIN

Photographs: Bale

CAPTAIN TAILBY, MR. ROBERT WALSH—MRS. THOMAS COLTMAN, MRS. ALISTAIR KING, MRS. DARLINGTON AND MRS. TAILBY MRS. NEWALL, MRS. POLLEN AND CAPTAIN POLLEN AT KILBY

So long as the famous pack known to-day as the Fernie have been in existence, there has been a Tailby at Skeffington. Mr. Tailby, whose son is in the group on the left, was Master from 1853 to 1856, taking over from Dick Sutton, the son of the famous Quorn Sutton, who gave him this bit of the Billesdon country to keep him busy, so it was said, because he was too fond of overriding his father's hounds. During the Tailby régime, these hounds were called "Mr. Tailby's"—and a lady who must have been the original of Surtees' "Lucy Glitters" came out with them and rather set up the backs of the local Nabobs and Mrs. Nabobs

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A CLERGYMAN and his wife were receiving a visit from a parishioner. The parson's small daughter, aged eight, walked up to the visitor and, gazing intently at her, said:

"Oh, my! But aren't you plain!"

Her mother was embarrassed and horrified.

"Whatever do you mean!" she gasped. "Apologise at once!"

"I only meant it for a joke," replied the child.

"Well," said her mother, hoping to smooth things over, "it would have been a much better joke if you had said, 'How pretty you are!'" *

A young man applied for a job in Dublin. The manager asked him if he had ever had an illness or an accident.

"No," was the reply.



Dorothy Wilding

MISS BETTY STOCKFELD

The pretty young film actress who is now busy on a new picture, "The Impassive Footman," by "Sapper," at the Ealing Studios. Mr. Owen Nares is the leading man. Miss Stockfeld has also completed another film with Mr. Hugh Wakefield, "Sorry You've Been Troubled"; she has done three talkies in Paris; she was also recently in "Money for Nothing," at the Pavilion, with Mr. Seymour Hicks. A busy life, of a truth!



Lenore

MISS LEONORA CORBETT
IN "THE NELSON TOUCH"

A young actress who has simply leapt up the ladder to fame by her clever performance in that amusing play "The Nelson Touch"—nothing to do with the sea or Trafalgar—at the St. Martin's Theatre. Miss Leonora Corbett plays Janetta Norton with just the light touch demanded

Walter Bird
THE LATEST SAN TOY—
MISS JEAN COLIN

The revival of the famous old musical comedy opened at Daly's on February 22 and revived a few memories for some people, we may be bound! Miss Marie Tempest first played San Toy in 1899 at the same theatre. Miss Marie Tempest was succeeded by Miss Collingbourne, who did not object to playing the part in shorts! Miss Tempest wanted long trousers!

"But how did you manage to get so lame in your right leg?"

"Oh, I was working on a farm, and a bull tossed me over the hedge. I was in hospital for six months."

"Don't you call that an accident!" asked the manager in surprise.

"Great heavens, no! The bull meant what he did."

"Then," said he, "allow me to return the compliment."

* * *

The minister was chatting to his long-suffering caddie. "What is your own recreation?" he asked.

"I'm a Presbyterian," the boy replied.

"No, no! That's your belief. What I mean is, have you any sport or hobby, just as I myself am a golfer?"

"No! That's *your* belief!"

The magistrate was imposing a fine. "Two pounds," he said.

"Could you reduce it, your Worship?" whined the prisoner. "Times are bad."

"What's your business?" asked the magistrate.

"I'm a draper, your Worship."

"Well, then, I'll make it £1 19s. 11½d."

* * *

A minister, making a pastoral call at a house where the children were kept pretty quiet on Sunday, was confidentially told by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister.

"Why?" asked the minister, who was rather amused.

"Because," said she, "I could shout all day on Sunday, like you."

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Pictures in the Fire : By "SABRETACHE"

IN a very interesting book, "The Elements of Imperial Defence," by D. G. Boycott, B.A. (Gale and Polden, Ltd.), which has been sent to me for review, is contained much that must be of interest to everyone at this particular tide in the affairs of the world. In particular I would direct attention to the chapter devoted to the "Defence Services of the British Empire"—Sea, Land, and Air, in which the author quotes the following passage from J. M. Spaight's book, "Pseudo-Security," which incorporates some of the principles laid down by the sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, which was presided over by Lord Salisbury—

The coming of air power has profoundly affected the whole question of defence. Security means for us to-day something different from that which it meant a generation or two ago; or perhaps one should say that there is to-day a kind of insecurity which there was not then. Invasion was always to be feared, and security meant broadly the power to repel the invader, or at all events to drive him out before he had wrought any irreparable mischief to the national life. Defence had then time to think and move. There was not in former days the danger of a swift, sudden stroke which might paralyse for the time a nation's whole power to resist, and even lay it prostrate at the feet of an enemy who had means of following up his first blow.

Upon this Mr. Boycott makes the following comment—

This statement of the influence of air power upon the question of security in general may be particularised in respect of the dangers of air attack in which London lies, not only on account of its geographical position on the east coast facing the Continent, and with the River Thames leading to its heart, but because it is the very centre of the whole complex system of co-ordinated Imperial effort and would, therefore, be the object of the earliest and most strenuous air effort of an enemy, and it may well be a fact that *within half an hour of the breakdown of diplomatic relations the full effect of an air offensive may be felt in London*, and the question of the defence of this vital centre is of the first importance. For this defence a total of thirty-five squadrons has been allocated, of which twenty-two are day or night bomber, and thirteen fighter squadrons. It is clear, therefore, that the threat of counter-attack is held to be the

best form of defence that can at present be provided, though at the same time, in addition to the fighter squadrons, a searchlight and an anti-aircraft organisation provided by the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery units has been brought into being to co-operate with other air-defence measures.

The offensive power of air forces has been greatly augmented by the modern tendency towards urbanisation, which in itself is a direct result of the industrialisation of most of the countries of Europe. Such offensive action, while not directed against centres of population as such, would be aimed against vital points—"key" factories, waterworks, electric power installations, etc.—the destruction of which would cause far wider spread distress than the indiscriminate bombing of the civil population would do.

Apart from this dislocation of the normal life of the civil population, the tendency of modern strategy to strike a blow at the political headquarters of a warring State is immensely assisted by

direct air action. Aircraft enable us to jump over the army which shields the enemy Government, industry and people, and so strike direct at the seat of the opposing will and policy. Provided that the blow be sufficiently swift and powerful, there is no reason why in a few hours, or at most days, from the commencement of hostilities, the nerve centre of one of the contending countries should not be paralysed.

It may be accepted, I think, that an aerial attack is bound to get through, and that the only real defence is counter-attack. Supposing, however, the attackers were in a superiority of at least 4 to 1? Operations on manœuvres have proved that, even when the superiority is far less, the attacker will reach his objectives, if sufficiently determined. The selection of the moment is his, and in this particular class of warfare the element of surprise is far easier to procure than it is in any other undertaken by any other arm. For instance, an overseas operation covered by a fleet is almost impossible to conceal, and in purely land operations heavy concentrations advertise themselves in a way that no concentration for a major operation from the air would ever do. Concentration for an aerial operation on the biggest scale is only a matter of a few hours; concentration for a naval or land

(Continued on p. xvi)



AT SIR FREDERICK AND LADY KEEBLE'S PARTY AT OXFORD

Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble gave this little house-party at Oxford after the recent O.U.D.S. production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which Miss Peggy Ashcroft (Mrs. Rupert Hart-Davis) made a big success as Juliet. Lady Keeble is the famous actress, Miss Lillah McCarthy, who married Sir Frederick Keeble in 1920. He was then a Magdalen Don. Their home is The Hammels, Boar's Hill. In this group are Mrs. Elsie Fogerty, Miss Peggy Ashcroft and her husband, Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, Miss B. Gordon (daughter of the President of Magdalen), and Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble



LADY MILDWAY WITH THE GARTH

On her spotted wonder, who is said to be one of the best hunters in that country. He is a bay with this white fleck through his coat. Lady Mildmay is the wife of Captain Sir Anthony Mildmay, who was in the Grenadiers. One of his seats, Dogsmerfield, is in the Garth country—Hants.

READY TO WEAR



SPORTSWEAR

Miss Hilary Charles and Mrs. Maxwell Chance are seen with a friend, both wearing the same double-breasted suit in two different materials from Fortnum & Mason's new Ready to Wear Department. This suit is shown in six plain colourings, and also Tweed that is $8\frac{1}{2}$ gns. No extra charge for alterations.

Photograph by Shaw Wildman.

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A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

NEXT Saturday, at Twickenham, is set aside for one of the star fixtures of the Rugby season, the Army and Navy match. Here we shall have—or, at any rate, we ought to have—Rugby at its keenest and best. It will be hard and hefty football all the time; no quarter given or expected, and no foul play. Neither side would countenance anything tricky or underhand. If everybody played Rugby in that spirit, how much more we should

men who don't run many risks in their own half, but do almost anything when they are well over the half-way line. It does not strike one as an ideal arrangement, but it has its points.

But let us get back to the Army and Navy match, which, since the Navy has already defeated the R.A.F., practically decides the Inter-Services Championship. Last season the Navy beat the soldiers by two tries to nil, and secured the championship by defeating the R.A.F. The Army had a

bad season, for they also lost to the airmen, though they retrieved themselves to some extent by overcoming the French Army side. This season the Army should do better, for they have plenty of good men; but the Navy will start favourites. It seems more than possible that the soldiers get too much football, for year after year some of their best men, after a brilliant start, go stale and lose their form. A. L. Novis is an example, for each season in October and November he is the outstanding centre in England, but by the time the internationals come along he has lost much of his effectiveness. H. Rew is another who seems to become overworked and is by no means as useful in March as he was in October.

The Navy should turn out a very serviceable side, strong fore and aft. They have had quite their share of accidents, but fortunately there are plenty of sound substitutes, and their judicious combination of strength, skill, and pace should produce plenty of points. If the men on either side need any additional



THE O.M.T's RECENT VICTORS: THE SIDE AND OFFICIALS

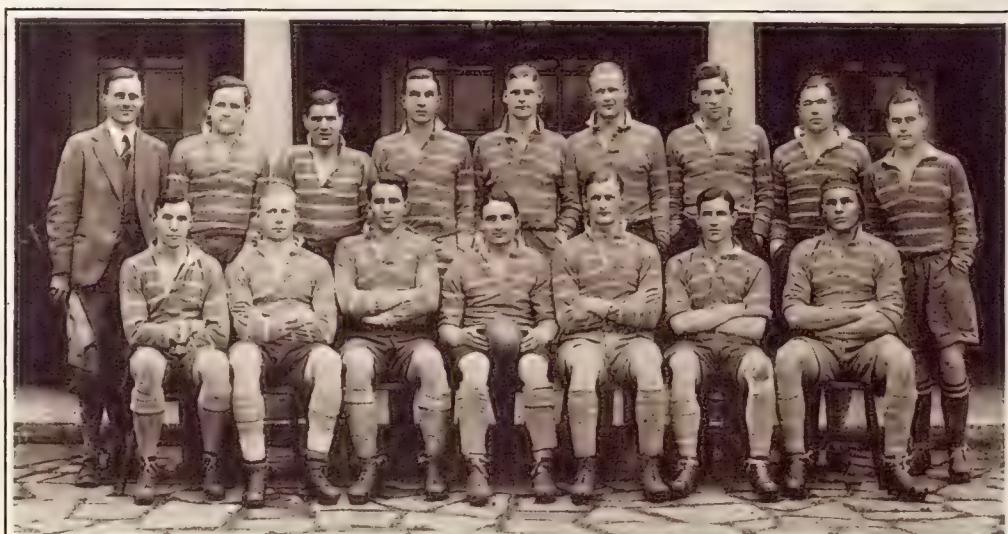
R. S. Crisp

The O. M. T's beat the Old Leysians 29 points (1 goal and eight tries) to nil in the recent encounter at Teddington, and the score tells the full story. The only weak spot in the winners' play was the place kicking. The names are (back row, left to right): D. O. N. Hodson (hon. sec.), F. W. English, P. R. L. Heath, T. G. Blumson, D. M. Perry, E. H. Edmonds, A. N. Copleland, J. Huskinson, D. W. Heck, H. B. Hays. Front row: W. R. Spragg, E. F. Andrews, F. F. Spragg, R. F. Tebbutt (Captain), L. Bywater, R. G. Turnbull, T. C. Arnold

all enjoy it! And how easy a time the referee would have if he had not to keep blowing his whistle about twice a minute for some infringement of the rules. It is the fashion nowadays to grumble at the official for too much whistling, but, after all, he only whistles for some breach of the rules. There was a match at Oxford once in which the referee had to penalise one side nearly a dozen times in the first half for offside. At the interval the captain of the team penalised went up to the referee and protested that he was spoiling the game. That official pointed out, gently but firmly, that it was not he who was spoiling the game, but the people who persisted in getting offside. "Keep your men on-side and there will be no more penalties." The skipper was rather impressed with this view, which was apparently quite new to him, and the rest of that game was peace.

Most of us have been reading about ice-hockey lately, and have noticed that, as in water-polo, players who break certain rules are removed from the game for varying periods of time. I don't know that this would be a desirable innovation in Rugby, but there does seem to be a distinct need for some punishment between a penalty kick, which so often means nothing, and the drastic sending off the ground, which usually means a period of suspension. The one punishment is too light, the other often too heavy. It has been suggested that each penalty kick, if it does not result in a goal, should count one point, and a regulation to this effect would certainly put a check on the illegal activities of those gentle-

incentive, there is also the fact that the England side to meet Scotland will be chosen after this match, and more than one man has gained a cap by an impressive display in this game. Do you remember Stoker Woods? He was practically unknown before his first Army and Navy match, but long before the game was over he was a certainty for the team against Scotland. Owing to circumstances over which he had practically no control, he only played five times for England; but he is not yet forgotten, and two or three of his type would be extremely useful in our pack to-day.



THE OLD LEYSIANS' XV. AND OFFICIALS

R. S. Crisp

This Old Leysians side found the Taylors far too strong for them in the game at Teddington, and were overwhelmed 29-0 in every department of the game. The names in the picture are (left to right, back row): L. V. Rigg (hon. sec. and touch judge), R. Smith, T. D. Page, B. Bisbeker, K. A. R. Hargreaves, W. A. C. Nicoll, A. F. Skinner, R. M. Hackin, T. Thynne. Front row: K. B. Kilner, I. A. Macfarlane, J. T. Alliston, P. W. E. Holloway (Captain), H. S. Hargraves, A. Lumsden, J. M. Lee

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



MARCH, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive.

1st **ST. DAVID'S DAY.** Last day, wild bird shooting. **Badminton.** All-England Champs. (Roy. Hort. Hall). **Shows.** Hunter and Thoroughbred Stallions (Royal Agricultural Hall) opens. Royal Dublin Society Show and Sale, Pedigree Bulls, opens. **Racing.** National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham. **Motoring.** R.A.C. 1,000 miles British Motor Rally. **Badminton.** All-England Champs. (Roy. Hort. Hall). **Racing.** Downpatrick (Co. Down Hunts) Steeplechases opens. **Football.** French Army v British Army (Paris). **Fencing.** Ladies' Foil Championship (final pool). **Shows.** Nat. Pony Society (R. Agricultural Hall) opens. **Coursing.** North Herds. **Racing.** Hurst Park and Catterick Bridge. **Rugby.** R. Navy v. Army (Twickenham). **Hockey.** Wales v. England (Wrexham). **Lacrosse.** Southern Senior Flags final. **Racing.** Hurst Pk., Catterick Bridge and Neas Stpch. **Rackets.** Amateur Doubles Champ. begins (Queen's Club). **7th** **Fishing.** Last day, Freshwater fishing, England and Wales. **Rackets.** Amateur Singles Champ. begins (Queen's Club). **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting, Hawthorn Hill and Colwell Park Steeplechases. **14th** **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting, Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases. **15th** **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting, Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.



A PYTCHEY SNAP: MISS RUTH GERRARD AND MISS PATRICIA LITTLE

At a recent meet of the famous White Collar Hunt. Miss Gerrard is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Gerrard of Wilton Court, Daventry, and Miss Little is the daughter of the late Brigadier-General Malcolm Little, who used to command the 9th Lancers, and of Mrs. Little, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Albert Brassey

The Reactionary.

IT occurred to me the other evening that I am not quite sure whether I am profoundly in love with all our highly modern and costly road developments, but I am rather loth to make the confession, since the mere mention of it caused Mrs. P. V. to remark reproachfully that I was "getting old-fashioned." I could have retorted "*Tu quoque*" with justice, for she, too, is no lover of the busy arteries of traffic, and the truth is we are never so happy in a car as when we are wandering along quiet lanes (when we can find 'em, which is not so easy these days), and drawing a bow at such a venture that any minute we may have to reverse out of a farm-midden. It is all most excellent fun, but the worst of it is that unless you go very far afield it is not very long ere you have exhausted all the areas at your command. "Fresh woods" attract even though they take a bit of getting to. Hence of late I have been reviving my acquaintance with those delectable touring grounds, the nearer eastern and north-eastern counties. Compared with the western and the south-western and the south, they are still the London motorists' paradise (relatively speaking), though they have their drawbacks. If I were really selfish, or even if I had plain common sense, I should enlarge upon these latter so as to try and keep the crowd away. But this country, bounded by the Great North Road on the west and the Colchester Road on the south, has its own natural barriers, though the new by-passes have done much towards undermining their effectiveness. It was these by-passes that made Mrs. P. V. think I was a reactionary, and so I was, for I had to find my way through a web of them by night, when the long drought had made the surfaces so polished that they shone like the lid of a grand piano. Doubtless you remember Kipling's deathless story of "The Disturber of Traffic," in which one Dowse complained

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

that the liners made the water in the strait, over which his light-house presided, "all streaky," and he had a native helper called Challong (web-footed he was), who swam around saying "Damn." Well, my sympathies are all with the nigger, for I, too, swam around saying "Damn," and many other picturesque profanities, for the simple reason that, being a new-comer to these promiscuous parts I was completely moithered by the multitudinous and multi-coloured multiplicity of lights. Just as inhabitants of individual houses in a modern row *do* get to know the abodes which belong to them (or rather to their building societies), so I presume inhabitants of the northern suburbs get to know their new turnpikes, for there were cars blinding through the maze of illumination with gay abandon. Even with the eye of a hawk I dare not do that, nay, though I was late for dinner already. I daresay that when viewed from a night-flying 'plane the lighting lay-out of these highways looks like a very simple problem in geometry. Judging it from the horizontal plane I can easily understand why so many accidents occur. What with street lamps, shop windows, refuge lights, "road-up" rubies, tail-lamps, neon lamps, flashing signs, red catseyes, white catseyes, real catseyes, illuminated arrows, signboards, and what not, there is a confusion that is evidently becoming worse confounded. I could not help thinking how pleasant and safe (and economical) it would be if all the other lights were put out, and we could drive with the guidance of our head-lamps alone. Then, at least, we should be able to see the essential objects for certain. And not the worst feature is that while courtesy forbids me to use head-lamps in these areas, the ordinary sort of side-lamp is not enough. Incidentally I notice that there has lately been a great growth in the number of those little white posts with a group of reflector lenses atop. Doubtless they are put up with the best of intentions, but my opinion of them, which is confirmed by many others with whom I have discussed the matter, is that they are an unadulterated nuisance, and do far more harm than good. If there were any real need for them they should be universal—the mere fact that they are peripatetic makes them a potential source of danger.

Really Great.

WHEN I first saw the chassis of the 15-18 Lanchester I took a strong liking to it, and felt sure that when it came my way for a road trial it would live up to my expectations. In

(Continued on p. 38)



Johnson

AT THE NEW COLL. AND MAGDALEN GRIND

Major D. St. G. Daly, M.F.H., one of the stewards, and Brigadier-General C. R. P. Winser, the judge, at this point-to-point last week. The course was at Little Tew, not far from Chipping Norton, in the Heythrop country. Major Daly is the extremely popular Senior Master of the Heythrop. General Winser lost a leg as a result of a bad riding fall last season, and so is reduced to wheels and the old grey pony, a poor but willing substitute for a hunter

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

8 JOURNEYS TO THE MOON AND BACK

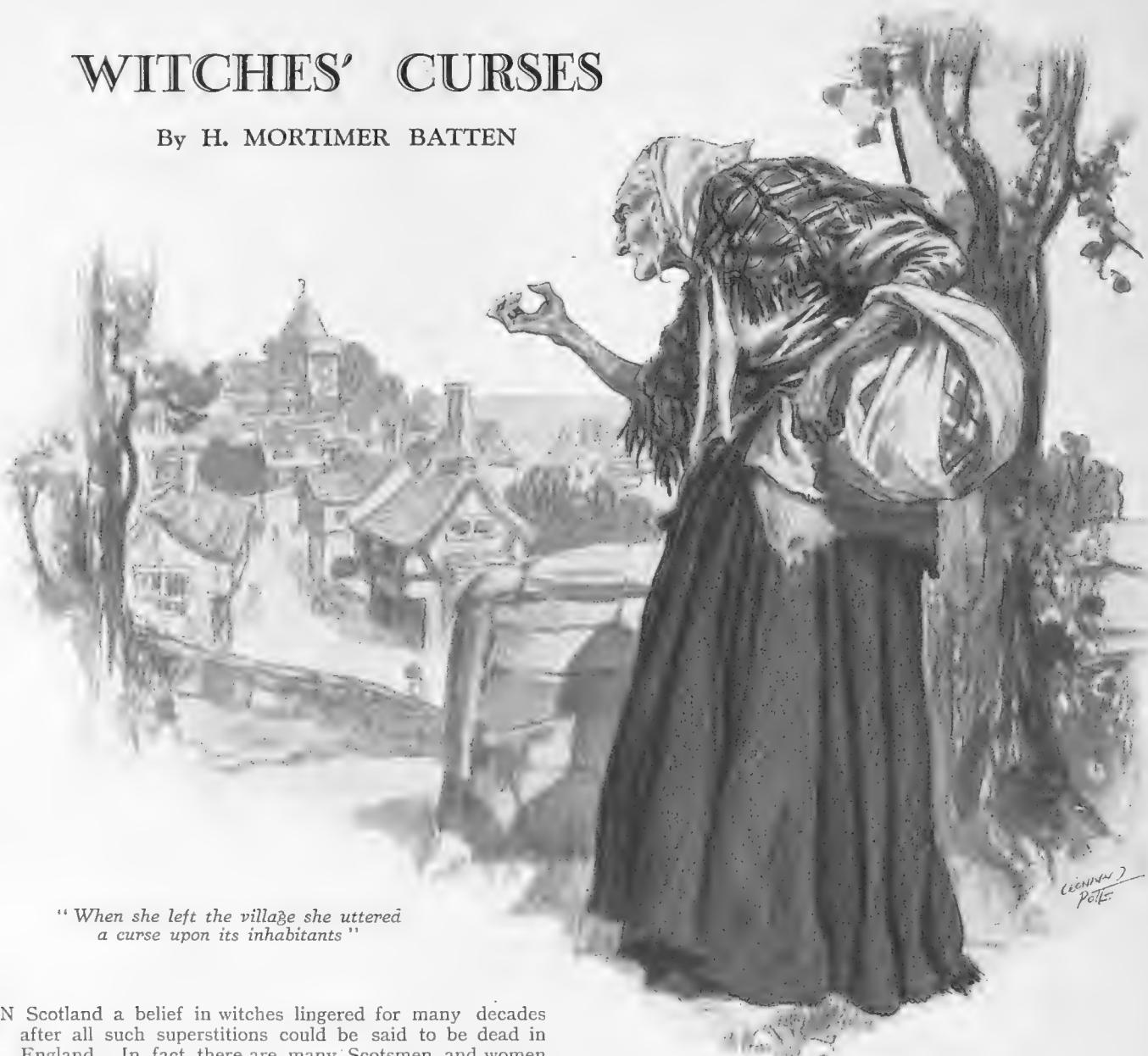
would be less than
the distance flown
by Imperial Airways
using Wakefield

CASTROL . . .

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WITCHES' CURSES

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN



"When she left the village she uttered a curse upon its inhabitants"

IN Scotland a belief in witches lingered for many decades after all such superstitions could be said to be dead in England. In fact, there are many Scotsmen and women even to-day who would be reluctant to admit disbelief in witchcraft of certain kinds, while a far greater number hold a happier belief in the blessings of old people. In fact, even in my own childhood it was quite customary for people of enlightened and educated classes to make special journeys with their children to obtain the blessings of very old people, and I well remember my own mother taking us to visit an old woman at the lodge, that she might bless us ere she took her departure from the world. Such things are more pleasant to contemplate than the evil and the spirit of vengeance which usually characterized the curses of the witch class, and believe me, there are still many old women in the Highlands who are regarded with superstitious dread by their neighbours, and there are many thinking people who would shrink in horror from an old woman's curse.

Neither can all this be set down as ignorant superstition, for one need not search far for witches' curses which have 'been fulfilled even within the past century, and all the circumstances of which can be borne out by dependable witnesses still living. Such a case comes to my mind concerning a certain skipper on whose boat I have sailed many times, though the man himself was before my day. The boat performed a regular service between Fort William and a port farther south, and the skipper, who was a coarse and bullying type of man, followed daily the same routine. Reaching port in the evening he would retire to his cabin, and there consume a bottle of whisky while completing his books. He would then leave his ship for the night, everything being ready to leave port next morning.

One morning, just as they were casting off the hawsers, and shipping the gangways, an old tinker woman was seen running towards the slip, making desperate signals for the boat to await her. Probably they would have delayed the few seconds

necessary had the old woman been other than a Highland gipsy, and as she gained earshot she was heard to cry out to the skipper to wait for her, as her son lay dying at Fort William. The ship's hands who were standing by looked up towards the bridge for instructions, which the captain gave in no unmistakable terms: "Let the old hag walk to Fort William. We're no waiting for the likes of her."

As the boat backed away the old woman reached the pier head, and there shouted to the skipper something in the following terms: "You who make light of walking to Fort William will have no legs on which to walk when next the sun rises."

The skipper laughed, but there were many hearing the curse who did not laugh.

It was usual for the boat on reaching Fort William to coal from her port side, but owing to weather conditions, she that night ran in to coal on her starboard side. The deck hand responsible threw open the port hatch, and on finding that tonight she was to coal on the other side, he evidently forgot to close it. The result was that when the captain came down from the bridge, having consumed his bottle of whisky, he stepped straight into the hold and broke both his legs—a mishap from which he never really recovered.

Another authentic story of a curse which came true is of such modern occurrence that names of people and places cannot be given. About two centuries ago a certain Highland laird, whose mansion stood by the sea, repaid his gratitude to a certain Donald McDonald by building a cottage for him overlooking the private harbour. Donald had saved the laird's small son from drowning, and the cottage was built so that he and his successors might watch the harbour lest similar mishap should befall any other child. So the McDonalds remained in contented

(Continued on p. xxiv)



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is English
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give it up”



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Frances Hemming.

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■ LEFT. An eminently seaworthy or landworthy jumper, this, with its laudably well-conducted stripes. Sailors don't care . . . as a rule . . . but this would decimate the most eligible flagship. Light Weight 21/- Heavier 29/6



■ RIGHT. This pilot jumper fairly leaps off the mark in the race for chic at the most whimsical starting-price. Cruiser-blue wool in that secretive knitting that looks like fabric, and fastening high with a silver zip. 21/-



■ LEFT. In these days of disarmament, our coats are the last stronghold of militarism. A double file of buttons flanked by belligerent, but decorative pockets adorn the tunic-like coat of this bracing suit. 7 Gns.



■ RIGHT. Here's a coat strict, emphatic and shatteringly smart. Legions of bronze buttons mould you into its militant shape, or you can fling it back into lavish revers. In bright navy wool of thrilling weave. 9 Gns.

THE TATLER
MARCH 2, 1932.

A black and white photograph of a woman in a medieval-style wedding dress. She is wearing a long, flowing gown with a lace-trimmed hem and a lace veil. She is holding a large bouquet of flowers. The background is dark.

SPRING DRESS PARADE

by

M. E. BROOKE

This mediæval wedding dress was designed and carried out by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is of British satin, with antique lace veil

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE BY Blake

SMART IN COUNTRY



Model, Harrods

The situation in the fashion world is decidedly complicated, and it is an open secret that in order to be well dressed time and thought must be given to the subject. This achieves greater success than lavish expenditure. In "The Tatler's" Spring Dress Parade is something for everyone at prices which are in complete harmony with the state of the exchequers of the majority. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that practically everything is of British origin. As fashions for sports and country wear are of the greatest importance, Harrods, Knightsbridge, have contributed the simple golf outfit above. The coat, which buttons smartly down the front, is of green suède, while the crochet cap is of the same shade; the tweed skirt is skilfully cut so that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. It is in Swan and Edgar's knit-wear department that the cardigan suit on the right may be seen, the revers and cuffs being of broadtail cloth; it is seventy shillings



Model, Swan and Edgar

SMART IN TOWN



Model, Jaeger



Model,
Marshall and Snelgrove

The usefulness of the semi-tailored suit is universally acknowledged, therefore it has an important place in the Spring fashions. It is an ideal background for the smart matching hat and scarf, which may be of silk or of a woven wool fabric that introduces the modish telling touch of colour; this may be emphasized by the pochette. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, comes the three-piece suit above; it is six guineas and is made of a British woollen fabric; it is available in three sizes and many colour schemes. Jaeger, 352, Oxford Street, have designed and carried out the true tailored suit on the left; it is expressed in a beige woollen fabric; detail is a fetish in these salons; note the arrangement of the chromium-plated buttons, the single rever, the one slit pocket, and the patent leather belt which draws attention to the raised waistline.



Two views are given of this hat from Marshall and Snelgrove's. The one on the left is entirely carried out in highly polished straw, while the one on the right of the Walteau genre is enriched with flowers. The animal world is lavish in its gifts, and Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, is using them for his coats. The coat on the left is of ocelot, the one on the right of galipan; the colour of the latter is a pale sand shade



Modes



There is no need to ask the question "Shall I be smartly or becomingly hatted?" in the salons of Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, as graceful and smart lines are subtly mingled in his triumphs of the milliner's art. The hat on the left of this page is carried out in one of the new black straws that have so far omitted the christening ceremony; the green flowers with which it is trimmed give the impression of being "lacquered." Felt makes the hat at the top of the page; note the piping across the crown and the quill at the back. As stripes and plaids have come to stay—they have even invaded the domain of evening wear—a woven plaid fabric is used for the crown of the hat on the right (centre), felt forming the brim. Another woven fabric has been used for the hat at the base, with leather fringed scarf

SPRING AFTERNOONS



The coat dress holds a very important place in the Spring fashions, as it is an ideal background for single and double fox stoles that do such good work in increasing the charm of an outfit. Selfridges, Oxford Street, W., must be congratulated on the model on the right. Mousse of a lovely cornflower blue shade has been used for its fashioning, the scheme being completed with a short-sleeved bolero. The hat, with its decidedly amusing eye veil, is chaperoned by the same firm. The needs of small women receive great attention at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. Two views are given of the model on the left. It is a one-piece frock and is made of one of the new bright blue fabrics, lace being cleverly introduced at the neck. Among its many advantages are the detachable sleeves; they can be slipped on in a fraction of a second and removed just as quickly; there are no complicated fastenings. The hat and scarf which complete the scheme are of stockinette

FOOTPRINTS OF FASHION-



Shoes for well-dressed women in the salons of Lilley and Skinner, 358, Oxford Street, are always cleverly designed. A trio finds pictorial expression on this page. The model at the top is of white washable calf; it is unlined, and perforated for coolness for summer wear. The court shoe on the right is of suède trimmed with lizard skin, while in the one on the extreme right washable calf and tan willow are seen in unison; it is an Oxford model with a Cuban heel



Footwear for the Spring is simple and perfectly cut. Abbotts, 255, Oxford Street, are responsible for the three shoes at the foot of this page. On the extreme left is an Oxfordette model expressed in snakeskin; the shape must be carefully noted. Below it is a black matt kid shoe stitched with beige; then on the extreme right is a model that is as decorative as it is slimming to the foot; it is of white satin enriched with appliqués of black lace

for after dark

Model,
Harvey Nichols



THE TATLER
MARCH 2, 1932

Model,
Fenwick.



EXCLUSIVE PICTURES BY Blake

Fashion has again adopted the straight and slender silhouette; however she permits pleats in many forms; therefore the movements of the wearer are never hampered. It is in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, that the evening dress on the left may be seen; it is carried out in water-lily green satin, the belt is particularly becoming, and, of course, the width of the hiatus at the back may be varied. Fenwick, 62/63, New Bond Street, W., are responsible for the affair above, the fabricating medium is neither a lamé nor a tissue, it is a cross between the two, and the colour is silver white. The coatee with its novel lantern sleeves is of sea-crest green patterned with silver

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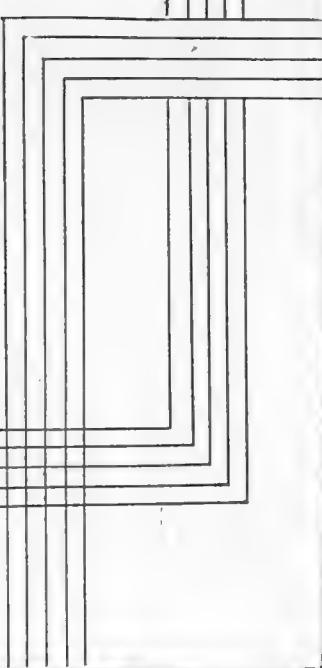
Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists. LUXURIA prices: 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9.

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As to black and white it is always smart and is always with us. The evening dress above, of which two views are given, is sponsored by Geene Glenny, 128, New Bond Street, W. It is of black lace mounted on white silk. The soft satin drapery supports the basque drapery

Women revel in slender proportions. To Jay's, Regent Street, must be given the credit of the brown mousse dress on the left, whose complement is a short coat collared with fur. The dress on the right is of purple georgette; it has a cowl neck-line and scarf drapery



FASHION is really not nearly as capricious as she is supposed to be, the slender silhouette, the moulded hips, the wide shoulder, and the decorative sleeves, never exaggerated, are a logical development of last season; as a consequence they stand an excellent chance of success. Definite notes of the Spring modes are flares, frills that look like fringe, accordion pleating, and subtle colour schemes. Sometimes epaulette sleeves rest on clusters of cherries, tiny oranges, or it may be flowers.

SKIRTS often invade the territory of the corsage, sometimes the tops are cut diagonally, sometimes in a "V," and at others spade shaped; this conceit emphasizes the high waist-line and has a softening effect when the corsage and skirt are of contrasting colours. Brief coatees and capes, the latter fastening on one shoulder leaving one arm exposed, accompany many of these frocks. The corsages are frequently backless, and are cut in a very deep V, or may be filled in with a lattice-work.

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF AN ENTIRELY NEW FLOOR FOR 'READY-TO-WEAR'



THE increasing demand we have experienced for stylish Ready-to-Wear Clothes at Moderate Prices has compelled us to extend the floor space hitherto allotted to our Ready-to-Wear Departments. In order to do this the Ground, Second and Third Floors have been reconstructed, refitted and refurnished; and most of the new "Ready-to-Wear" Sections are grouped together, where they now occupy the whole of the Second Floor.

SERVICE

The carefully selected staff in these Departments may be relied upon to give the same expert service always associated with the name of Jay's.

OUR PRICE GUARANTEE

We guarantee prices to be keenly competitive, and feel confident it is impossible to obtain garments of the same quality at more Moderate Prices.

THE NEW READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENTS

SECOND FLOOR

TEA GOWNS
GOWNS IN LARGE SIZES
DAY and EVENING COATS
(Priced up to £10)
TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES
COAT FROCKS
DAY AND EVENING GOWNS
in Ordinary Sizes
Special Section for
DEBUTANTES' DRESSES

GROUND FLOOR

INEXPENSIVE MILLINERY
(from 1 guinea upwards)
KNITTED SPORTSWEAR
SPORTS SKIRTS
HAND-BAGS
GLOVES
PERFUMERY
HOSIERY
FUR TIES
MODERN JEWELLERY

AN INVITATION

A cordial invitation is extended to Patrons and their Friends to visit the NEW READY-TO-WEAR SECTIONS, where there may now be seen copies of the most elegant models for early Spring, reproduced—in nearly every instance—in BRITISH MADE fabrics of the finest quality.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Our most Exclusive Models as shown on the First Floor are never advertised nor are they displayed in our windows.

JAY'S Ltd
REGENT STREET, W.1

A SMART TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE of a novel wool-mousse in the new "Sahara" shade, effectively trimmed with tracery-pattern openwork, and finished with a luxurious 2-skin natural fox collar that blends. Price complete 19½ gns.



Boucle promises to maintain all its modishness. It is of this material that these nine-guinea ensembles from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., are made. The model on the left is collared with fur, the other has elbow sleeves finished with broadtail cloth

Fashion has for some time been contemplating cementing her allegiance to the true tailor-made; she insists that the cut be perfect. Therefore Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, have contributed a coat and skirt to this page. It is single-breasted, has step revers which are very becoming to women of generous proportions, and patch pockets finished with envelope flaps. It looks well in a Spring tweed

Easy Way to Whiten Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

Mon.

Tues.

Wed.



IF your teeth are dull, tinged with yellow or stain that dims your beauty like a storm cloud when you smile then—

It's time you tried this new and utterly different technique—but recently perfected—that removes every blemish and easily whitens teeth 3 shades in 3 days.

Just do this: Morning and night, give teeth and gums an ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic foam the very moment it enters the mouth. This foam gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy

ordinary tooth-pastes and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently this exhilarating, antiseptic foam bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—**CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BECLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!**

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

**YOUR LAST
SMOKE, THEN—**

a mouth-wash and gargle with about 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in half a glassful of water. No other deodorizer is so refreshing or so quickly removes all taste and smell of smoke or other mouth odours, leaving palate, tongue, throat and breath perfectly fresh and sweet. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 all chemists, or post free from Kolynos (Dept. L.D. 36), 12 Chenies St., London, W.C.1.



The Beauty of your Youth restored

For many years now Eleanor Adair, the renowned British Beauty Specialist, has been creating new ideals with her wonderful achievements in restoring youthful beauty by means of her famous Ganesh Treatments and Preparations. An Adair treatment, far from being an expensive luxury, is a social necessity to every smart woman.

CHIN AND NECK TREATMENT

Eleanor Adair has perfected a new Manipulative Treatment for the chin and neck which vibrates with life, tones and flushes the blood cells, smooths out lines and hollows, and restores youthful contours.

GANESH CHIN STRAP

Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

10/6, 15/6 and 21/6

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

4/6, 8/6 and 17/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of finest texture.

4/6, 6/6 and 8/6

BEAUTY BOOKLET SENT FREE ON REQUEST

Under Royal Patronage.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

The Adair Establishment is ALL BRITISH and the famous preparations are obtainable at leading stores and chemists, or will be sent direct in plain packing, post free.

Eleanor Adair

(Dept. T), 30, OLD BOND ST. LONDON W.1.

'Phone : Regent 5348

BRUSSELS: 51, Avenue Louise. PARIS: 5, Rue Cambon. HAGUE: Hotel des Indes

DUBLIN (Switzers), NEW YORK and COLOGNE

EVE AT GOLF : By
Eleanor E. Helme

If one county must be held more worthy of honour for unflinching courage that all the rest of the thirty-nine others put together, that county is Kent. Imagine the pluck of staging one of your most popular events so early in the season as February, and actually carrying it through. (This is written before the

three days later for those first and second rounds! Snow threatened all day, though none actually fell to reinforce the remnants still lurking in some of the bunkers. It really seemed as if things must whittle themselves down to the survival of the warmest. Since the survivors were, in every case but two, the givers of odds, we can only presume that the low handicaps know better how to wear sufficiency of thick clothes without entirely deranging their swings. Or, perhaps, on the principle that *noblesse oblige*, they are less apt to let such little matters as chilled extremities upset their concentration than players of longer allowances. In any case, even the icy blasts sweeping up from the North Sea were not so petrifying as card and pencil had been at Foxgrove. Play improved out of all knowledge, especially in the case of the young Misses Blower, of whom Kent hope great things. They are pupils of Brown of Beckenham, who carries on the teaching of the great one-legged Ernest Jones: "You've one thing to do, and that's hit the ball, and you've one thing to hit it with, and that's the clubhead. Keep the clubhead moving." The result with the Misses Blower is a most delightful follow through; when they also acquire a little more snap a little earlier in the proceedings Kent's hopes may well be fulfilled. After a morning win, when they



Miss Madge Boosey and Mrs. Lionel Jackson survived the perils of qualifying at Foxgrove for the Kent County Handicap Foursomes

final. Of course, snow may descend and stop that; or again, as Hilaire Belloc says, it may not.)

At all events, the snow had gone from Foxgrove when seventy brave women assorted themselves into couples and sallied forth to try and qualify for the Kent County Handicap Foursomes. There was still enough ice on portions of the pond by the 14th for moorhens to be walking thereon, but the course was clear and in amazingly good condition, all things considered. To say that the scores were good, however, would just be idle flattery. Players did their best; supposing we leave it at that.

Mrs. Lionel Jackson and Miss Boosey, who had led the field twelve months before, were well in the running again, but chief honours went to the pair who, unfortunately, could not go on with the match play stages, Miss Oswald, an ex-captain of Kent, and Miss Croneen, whose 81½ net was really praiseworthy. All the more so because they, like many another sensible couple, carried their own clubs and made no bones about it. Nobody can pretend that it really helps play, but that it saves one's pocket is undeniable, and in these hard times, well, hats off to those who are not ashamed to own up and save up. And nobody could possibly say that this pair, and Mrs. Miller and her sister, Mrs. Mussen, all caddyless, nor any of the others who humped their own clubs, were one jot slower than anybody else.

Mrs. Yonge and Mrs. Humphreys were second, only a stroke behind Miss Oswald's side, but the first round of match play was fatal to them.

Mercy, but it was cold again at Rochester and Cobham Park

had to give 7 strokes, they arrived at the apparently safe position of 2 up and 4 to go in the afternoon. Whereupon Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Moberley, having got rid of the 3 strokes they were giving, and having also put behind them a socket, one ball that rolled over when being addressed and another which hit the poor, inoffensive striker in a bunker—despite these adventures—that intrepid pair won the next three holes, to be dormy on the Blower sisters, and got home at the 19th. Mrs. Knox-Gore and Miss Rutledge gave no fewer than 9 strokes and came through, no small feat, whilst as for Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major, they had a whole bunch of 15 to give in the morning, and yet won by 7 and 5, and another 3 in the afternoon and still won by 6 and 4! Mrs. Jackson and Miss Boosey were ruthless in the morning, but Miss Dodo Butler, twice Kent runner-up, and Mrs. Rudge were too good for them in the afternoon. If Miss Butler was brilliant rather than altogether reliable she had a real rock of a partner, a convert (or should it be pervert?) to golf from hunting and who is also an excellent lawn tennis player. Two years only of golf have brought her handicap to 16, and she looks as if a few more months might see her in single figures. The fourth surviving couple of the day was Mrs. Ayscough and Mrs. Graham who, just so that the exception might prove the rule, received strokes in the morning and gave none in the afternoon.



Also concerned in the Kent County Foursomes: Miss Croneen, Mrs. Miller, and her sister, Mrs. Mussen



Miss Rutledge and Mrs. Knox-Gore were also competing in the Kent County Foursomes

Multiplication seems vexation to Miss Joan Oswald, although she and Miss Croneen qualified first at Foxgrove

Continued on p. xxv



WHY do so many people in all walks of life write voluntarily in praise of CRAVEN "A"? (we have their letters for anyone to see). Why do smokers remain loyal to CRAVEN "A", year after year, preferring them to all others? If you could visit Arcadia Works, the most Hygienic Cigarette Factory in the World, you would find conclusive answers to these questions—in the care, patience and watchfulness of Carreras' methods and ideals.

Carreras test and adopt every advance of science for making Cigarettes purer and finer. Craven "A" are unvaryingly good Cigarettes made from pure, mature Virginia Tobacco, innocent of adulteration of any kind.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against excessive dryness or dampness by the moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every packet. Mark well the tone and flavour of these FRESH Cigarettes.

Arcadia Works set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.

Wherever an Englishman travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".



CRAVEN "A"

Ten for sixpence - Twenty for one shilling

• MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS •

AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

Force of Example.

D. England ; things are dull and, if our all-too antisepic censors have their way, they will soon be a great deal duller. For now they are engaged, at immense expense, in seeing that our entertainment never becomes too entertaining. The lofty criterion they set themselves is that all public shows shall, in every respect, be fit for an imbecile child of five or six and for no one else.

In face of this zeal for zanies, this gloom-gluttony, one hesitates to draw attention to anything that still gives us a little illegitimate entertainment. But, with care, I think that a few words may be said about the licence sometimes taken by flying instructors with aerodrome rules.

When they are instructing pupils no one could be more insistent upon obedience to aerodrome rules. But sometimes when they take up an aeroplane alone for an engine test or something of the kind, instructors are apt to throw their precepts to the winds and to practise what they prohibit. How many times and on how many aerodromes have I seen instructors taking off downwind, or across wind, or towards the sheds from a point so close that they can only just clear the roofs; how many times have I seen them doing landings of the most spectacular kind !

* * * *

The Results.

Personally I enjoy watching a good aerobatic landing on the tarmac. And it is true that when instructors do these things they know what they are about, and the risk is almost non-existent. But unfortunately pupils attempt to copy them. It may not be at the aerodrome where they have been taught, but at some other aerodrome. Feeling that mastery of the machine which comes to most after two or three hundred hours' flying they attempt a spectacular landing or take-off. The result is a crash.

Probably no one is hurt, and a broken undercarriage or a smashed prop is the total damage. But

the effect is not good. For the smallest accident resurrects the idea that flying is not safe. It would seem, therefore, that it might be an advantage for instructors to deny themselves the admitted pleasure of spectacular take-offs and landings simply in order to avoid putting ideas into the heads of their pupils. If the pupils saw that their instructors (whom they often regard with almost superstitious awe) invariably taxied to the extreme leeward edge of the aerodrome before taking off ; if they saw that they invariably allowed themselves plenty of room when landing ; they themselves would be more likely to do the same on all occasions, with a consequent gain in the safety of flying. This form of self-denial on the part of instructors would be necessary only on aerodromes where instruction was in progress. At places where the aerodrome for commercial aircraft and visitors is separate from that for instruction the really skilled pilot could be left to his own devices.

* * *

Land at Lympne.

Captain Duncan Davis has succeeded in gaining a remarkable and a valuable concession from the Air Ministry for users of Lympne aerodrome. A form of country membership is to be offered at Brooklands which, for a guinea a year, will give the pilot full landing rights at both Brooklands and Lympne.

At Government aerodromes the landing fees are a deterrent to all comers. An aerodrome where the landing fees have to be paid each time is avoided by amateur pilots.

* * *

Illogical Landing Fees.

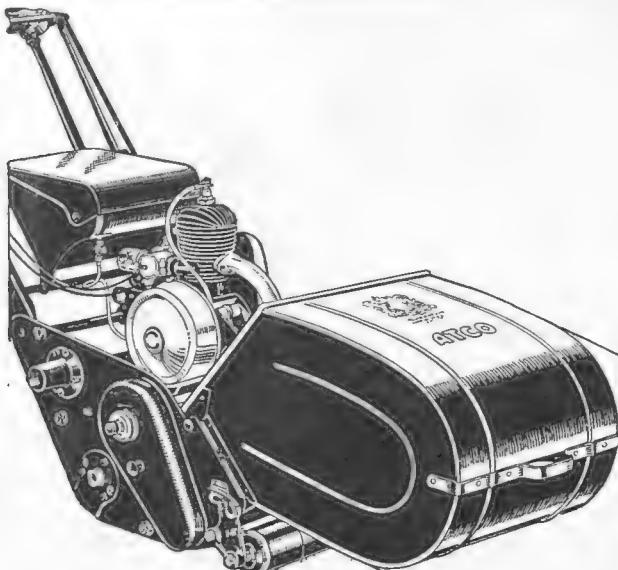
A pilot who lands at an aerodrome is like a customer who enters a shop. He brings money to that aerodrome, and he will probably buy something there even if it be only petrol or oil. Shops do not charge "entrance" fees to all customers who pass through their doors. On the contrary, they use every artifice to encourage customers to come, relying for their profits upon the purchases they make afterwards.

Landing fees are, in effect, penalties levied upon every pilot who lands ; they are deterrents to landing, and are as irrational as the tax on window area, and more harmful than the tax on soap.



SQUADRON-LEADER GAYFORD AND FLIGHT-LIEUT. D. L. G. BETT

Whose attempt to achieve a non-stop flight from Cranwell to Capetown in a Fairey-Napier monoplane has twice been postponed owing to unsuitable weather conditions. If they are successful in this tremendous test of mechanical and human staying power Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieut. Bett will have set up a world's long-distance air record, the distance being 6,116 miles



Ten models — including the new De Luxe range — sizes from 12 to 36 Ins. — all backed by The Atco Service organisation. Prices from 21 guineas.

Please send full particulars of your system whereby I can obtain an Atco for from £6 down. Also include your illustrated catalogue.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

12/A/32



ATCO cuts labour costs one third

It takes a good man 3 hours to mow as much as an Atco Motor Mower can mow in 1 hour. Reckon that up in labour costs and you will realise that long before you have completed the very conveniently arranged payments that bring you effortless motor-mowing now, at once — you will be well on the way to liquidating the total cost in the saving effected in labour charges. Post this advertisement with your name and address for fuller particulars.

THE NEW

ATCO
ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWER

DE LUXE

SUCCESSFUL...

how could they not be successful?



When a product is wanted and the price is right, prosperity is inevitable. Here is the history of the 1932 Standards. Built uncompromisingly to public demand, how could they not be successful? And so the world has taken the 1932 Standards to its heart, buying them in vast numbers, as fast as they can be produced. For proof—count them on the road! And you—do you own one yet?

Awaiting your choice at your local Standard dealer is the 1932 Standard "Little Nine" (that "sensational newcomer")—Saloons from £155. Also the 1932 Standard "Big Nine" Saloons from £205, the 1932 Standard "Sixteen" six-cylinder Saloons from £235 and the 1932 Standard "Twenty" six-cylinder Saloons from £325. All prices ex works. Dunlop tyres fitted to all models.

Read "The Standard Car Review," published monthly, price 2/6 a year.—Send postcard for your free copy of the Standard book, "Out of the very heart of England"—to: The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, W.1, and 297-9 Euston Rd., N.W.1.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 368

operation upon the grand scale is always, and will always be, a matter of probably months. The possibilities developed by modern aerial warfare are extremely uncomfortable. It is of interest at this particular moment to direct attention to the rapidity with which a minor operation of the Japanese 'planes from the aircraft-carrier *Notoro*, lying in the Whangpoo River, eventuated. The report says that within five minutes of the order to attack, a squadron of seaplanes from the *Notoro* "roared over Chapei dropping bombs."

We insular Britons are so often accused of being both parochial and self-contained—and also low-brow—that it is probably beginning to make some of us believe that it is true, and that we deserve all the unkind things some of the people referred to rather disdainfully as "them foreigners" say about us. Admittedly we are both stand-offish and rather touchy, and also that few of us know no other language than our own, and even that none too well in some cases. I do not know whether a story that has been sent me about a travelling Scot is true or not, but this is how it goes. He was booking his tickets at some continental travel bureau and the man said, "Is m'sieur travel *en famille* or *en garçon*?" "On Garsong ye gowk?" said The McParritch. "Hoo daur ye tak me for a waiter?" I repeat I do not know whether this is true, but it don't seem too bad to me.

The following further sums have been received by me for the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund, and have been paid into its credit at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants:

Mrs. F. Lonsdale Allen	-	5	0	0	s. d.
Mr. E. B. Johnstone	-	2	0	0	

The response to any appeals made in these notes has been most magnificent considering

the times through which we are passing. Many people have sent in second contributions. Mrs. Lonsdale Allen is one of them—and in many hunts, particularly in Warwickshire, where Mrs. Wilfred Holden and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant have worked hard, fine aid has been given to what I think it is best descriptive to call "The Friendly Bullet Fund." In due course Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke tells me she will give us full particulars of the result of her campaign in this country. At the moment she is in Cairo with her husband, who is commanding the Cavalry Brigade.

* * *



LORD HAMBLEDEN AT THE NINEPENNY NOVEL LUNCH

Lord Hambleden, who is chairman of the famous house of W. H. Smith and Son, was caught by the camera at the Ninepenny Novel Lunch at the Hotel Victoria last week. The scheme for giving the public modern fiction at 9d. a time is that of Sir Ernest Benn, head of the great publishing firm

A little announcement a bit ahead of the coming polo season, about whose prospects it is difficult to prophesy, may be of interest to anyone who is quartered Tidworth way. The Tidworth Polo Club hopes to commence polo on March 21, as the grounds at Perham Down (of which there are now two) are always exceptionally dry. Last year polo was played from April 1 to September 25, and the club has four grounds. The new chairman is Brigadier B. F. Hurnell, M.C. Application for stabling and details of the tournaments should be sent to Lieutenant H. R. Mackeson, the Royal Scots Greys, Mooltan Barracks, Tidworth, who is the secretary. The subscription for the season is £10 10s., but players can arrange to pay less if they come for a short period. The regiments at Tidworth now are the 4/7 Dragoon Guards, the Royal Scots Greys, 11th Hussars, and 16/5th Lancers. The following tournaments will be played this season: 14/20th Hussars Cup, May 16-21; Cholderton Cup, August 1-6. An American tournament will be played in September. The preliminary ties of the Inter-Regimental and Subalterns' Tournaments will be played off during June. How things will go elsewhere I do not know—yet. However, that matter will have to be tackled when polo is talked of more seriously in this and other papers. According to plan we ought to play America again in 1933.

Unquestionably
the Finest Whisky
Scotland Produces

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THREE STAR SPECIAL RESERVE

Scotland's Choicest Standard Blend

FIVE STAR OLD LIQUEUR

For very Special Occasions!

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

RōDEX coats

the finest travel and
sporting coats in
the world - - -

*RōDEX COATS
in
Llamovel..*



These handsome pile coats

are being worn on every possible pretext . . . for Llamovel
has brought a new indulgence, and an economical one,
into the smart woman's conception of what she must have.

Llamovel is one of the exclusive Rodex Fabrics . . .
a pure, undyed Llama hair, fast-pile, close and even.
Featherlight, its construction ensures healthy ventilation and
comfort. You can choose your Rodex Llamovel from
several tones, each a skilled blending of natural undyed colours.

● RōDEX Coats in Llamovel can be seen at any of the
leading Fashion Shops and Stores, and are made only by

W. O. PEAKE, LTD., MAKERS OF FINE COATS,
40/41, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Wholesale and Export.

To-day's Wedding.

To-day (March 2) Mr. Leslie Haslett and Miss Florentia Poore are being married in Montreal. Their address will be Glen-eagles, Côte des Neiges, Montreal.

In the Summer.

Some time in June Mr. Henry Forbes Calder, M.C., is marrying Miss Alfreda Marietta Fahey, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Stadden Fahey and the late Mrs. Fahey (Mary Gilbert) of 6, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W., and the eldest grandchild of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, M.V.O.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. James Birchill Frew of Crofton Orchard, Orpington, Kent, and Miss Margaret Grosart Cunnison are being married very quietly on March 17 at St. Columba's, Pont Street; on March 30 Mr. Edward Salkeld Sharp is marrying Miss Emily Elizabeth Gordon Black; and on April 2 Dr. Douglas Lawrence and Miss Dorothy Madeline Hutton are to be married at St. Mary's Church, Stony Stratford.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Clarence Albert Cliff, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pendavis Cliff of Geraldine, New Zealand, and Miss Edith Fisher Armstrong, only daughter of Sir Nesbitt William Armstrong, Bart., late of



MISS BETHIA M. WOOD

The second daughter of Mr. Francis Wood, M.Inst.C.E., and Mrs. Wood of Poulton-le-Fylde, who is engaged to Mr. Lionel G. Robinson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson of Boston, Lincolnshire

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Gallen Priory, Ferbane, King's County, Ireland, and Lady Armstrong of Haruru, Queen's Drive, Lyall Bay, Wellington, New Zealand; Lieutenant Richard Douglas Cayley, R.N., the only son of Major-General D. E. Cayley, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Cayley of Heatherside, Hook, Hampshire, and Miss Nancy Violet Coutts, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coutts of Sweffling House, Fleet, Hants; Mr. K. O. N. Foster, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the only son of Lieut.-Colonel O. B. Foster, M.C., the Northumberland Fusiliers, and Mrs. Foster of Hildersham,



MR. R. G. HOWELL AND MISS ANGELA WATERS

Who are to be married on April 9 at Christ Church, Westminster. Miss Waters is the only daughter of Mrs. Waters of Berkhamsted, and her fiancé is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Howell of Eastbourne, and is an old Cambridge Blue and Harlequin



MISS IRIS CANNING

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Canning, who is to marry on May 7 Mr. Brian Cedric Harward, the eldest son of the Rev. R. C. Harward and Mrs. Harward of Leysin, Switzerland

Vertrum Park, Hartigan, the only child of Captain A. H. Hartigan of London, and the late Mrs. Hartigan; Mr. Philip Maurice Zabell, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Zabell of Stonesfield, Cheam, and Miss Dorothy Taylor, the only daughter of Mr. Frederick Taylor of the Red House, Cheam, Surrey (formerly of Hale, Cheshire); Captain Kempson Frederic Welman Thomas, 1st Kumaon Rifles, the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Thomas of Farnham, Surrey, and Miss Joan Dorothea Mary Leckie, the eldest daughter of Major V. C. Leckie, D.S.O., D.A.D.V.S., Lahore District, and Mrs. Leckie of Manor Lodge, Aldershot, Hants, and 33 Cantonments, Lahore, Punjab.

GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL,
PARKNASILLA-ON-SEA.

26th June 1931

Dear Harry,

Here I am in Ireland. Take my tip and don't go to the Continent next year, come here instead. The Hotel surroundings and air are priceless. It is built on the edge of Kenmare Bay which opens to the wide Atlantic, taking its place in the most glorious panorama of sea, mountain, river and woodland. The atmosphere is almost tropical.

I am having quite a good time, tennis on the hard court here a, golf on a sporty golf course and ripping bathing and boating.

The Hotel has two motor boats.

The place is very comfortable, well appointed, attentive staff and to cap ace the charges are reasonable. During August and September the Hotel is full, at other times the accommodation is ample. It is open every year from Easter and a good many stay there then. I am told the Country side is very beautiful in spring and early summer. I created a laugh when I asked if British men were welcome. I think they considered the Britisher was joking. The crowd are jolly and sociable.

This is only one of the Hotels belonging to the G.S.R. of Ireland and if you are thinking of coming you should write to the Hotel's manager, Kingsbridge, Dublin.

Cheerio
Bill.

BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE . W.2 : : PARK 1200

WETORPHINE COATS for wet or fine weather



WETORPHINE MODEL No. 010 (above) is designed in light navy Tweed, trimmed with fancy material. Can be made in a variety of new Tweeds. Half-lined waterproofed Silk.

8 Gns.



WETORPHINE MODEL No. 220 (above) is being made in fine quality Tweeds and Suitings, half-lined waterproofed Silk.

6½ Gns.

These weatherproof Coats are exclusive "Bradley" productions. They are thoroughly practical as well as becoming in design, and are made in our own workrooms at Chepstow Place. Splendid quality British materials are used. The "Wetorphine" process of proofing is the most efficient yet discovered, and does not render the material airtight.

WETORPHINE MODEL No. 012 (below) is being made in a variety of Scotch Tweeds and self-colour materials. Can be worn with or without belt.

7½ Gns.



Bradleys
Chepstow Place LD
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 372

point of fact it bored a hole clean through them and came out the other side. But then I had been a little misled by those rating numerals. The tax is £18, but what has the modest "fifteen" got to do with a car that will happily cruise at something very close to sixty over any reasonably good roads? And make many speed models (I speak from experience) look quite silly. The model I endeavoured to run to death—but the harder I drove the more it seemed to like it—was the six-window saloon. The catalogue says that it costs £565. I can only say that it is worth a great deal more than that, for I really don't know how anybody who wanted a good honest four-seater could ask for a better car. Apart from the fluid fly-wheel or the pre-selective self-changing gear it has a perfect dream of an engine, as choice a thing as anyone could wish to sit behind. It refuses at any speed to make noise or fuss, but it tugs like ever so many blue devils though without the slightest sign of roughness. And here is simplicity of driving indeed, for whatever you do you cannot go wrong. If you are absent-minded as I was once, you will be gratified to find yourself starting up a quite steep gradient on top gear! One naturally does not want to do such things, for the gears are there to be used, but the fact that

one can do them pleasantly, too, is most reassuring. It is quite a long time since I tried any motor-car that so impressed me with its sheer all-round merit.

The New Ford.

Since there is such a deplorable slump in good music (though, speaking personally, some of this modern muck would keep me away even if

I had free seats) it is just as well that there is something to take its place and fill the concert halls. Rootes were, I think, the first to turn that of Albert the Good into a motor exhibition, but the Ford Show, this last week has, at the same venue, been on a rather bigger scale—little less, in short, judging from the comprehensive types and models, than an anti-Olympia. The *clou* was, of course, the new 8 h.p., and a very natty little job it looked. As usual I played the honorary part of demonstrating that the two-door saloon would accept quite readily a 6 ft. 3½-in. driver, who could also ensconce himself in the back seats. Actually I made a nimble bob out of it, for this was the bet I had that the price would be between £110 and £130. It is, in fact, £120, so mine was a pretty good shot in the dark. The Fordlet is a very workmanlike proposition, though whether the examples I saw were all-British, as the production job is to be, I do not know.



BLACKHEATH R.F.C. 1st XV, 1931-32

Wayland

An interesting and recent group of the Shock Troops of "The Club." In the recent encounter with Cambridge "The Club" laid them out 21 points to 8—a fine performance, especially as about five minutes after the start D. E. Pratten had to retire—an old knee injury giving trouble. The Internationals are distinguished by an asterisk

The names, left to right, are: Top row—C. L. Hemmerde (linesman), C. G. Williamson (honorary treasurer), W. J. Llewellyn (referee); standing—*B. H. Black, A. R. Chorlton, C. B. Bailey, S. T. Radcliffe, A. G. Cridlan, *R. W. Smeddle, *J. A. Tallent, D. E. Pratten; sitting—*M. S. Bonaventura, *W. E. Pratten, T. W. Gubb (captain), *C. D. Aarvold, R. H. Charsley; on ground—J. T. Kemp, *E. B. Pope

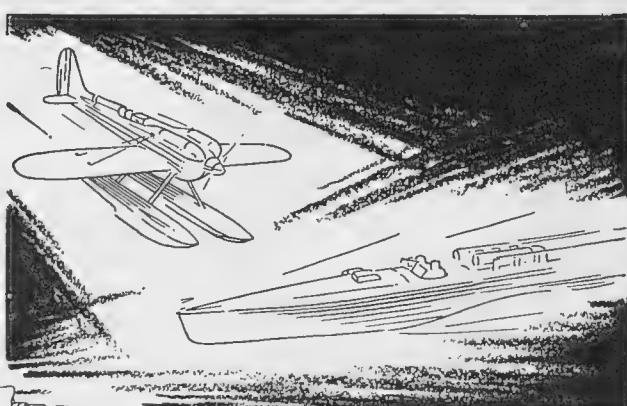
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Mr. Pass:—Moseley Float-on-Air Pneumatic Cushions—that's how. Sir Malcolm Campbell, Kaye Don, the Schneider Pilots—they all use them—they have to.

Mr. Joyce:—Yes, but why doesn't every serious motorist? They all want 4-wheel brakes, but seem quite contented with old-fashioned upholstery.

Mr. Pass:—Apart altogether from the enormous increase in comfort, I find it makes motoring so infinitely less tiring—just about halves the distance every trip.

Mr. Joyce:—Certainly all motorists ought to have Moseley Float-on-Air—and everybody can afford it, that's certain, especially as we can convert cars from £5 10 0.



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15/18

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MOTOR AND AIR NOTES

To Captain John P. Black, Director and General Manager of the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., many a motorist owes his safety. For Captain Black was responsible for the installation of much of the



MISS NELLIE WALLACE

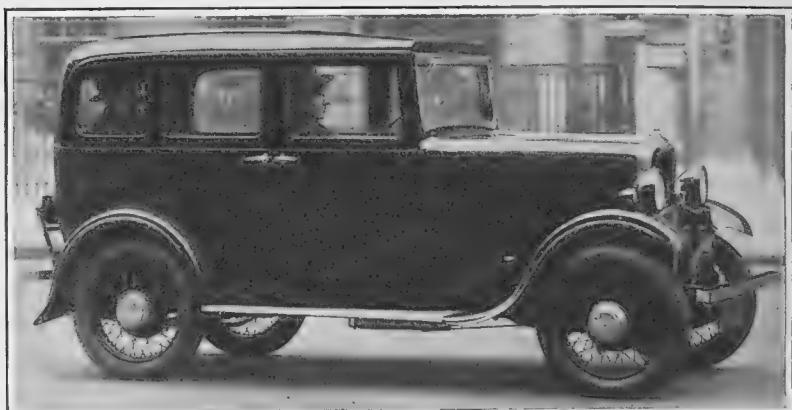
The popular Vaudeville artiste with her special "90" Talbot Saloon. Supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., through their agents, Messrs. Mendel and Co.

protective equipment now fitted to most makes of cars. It was he, for instance, who standardized safety glass in cars—thus preventing innumerable injuries resulting from broken glass. The latest innovation for which he is responsible is the fitting as standard of the Essex Featherspray fire extinguisher with which the "special" models of the Standard "Big Nine," "Sixteen," and "Twenty," will now be equipped. The many disastrous fires to motor-cars which have been recorded in the papers of recent times (some of which have been attended with fatal results) cause thinking motorists to turn their attention to fire extinguishers; and the ingenuity of the appliance to be fitted to Standard cars must be appreciated by all.

This fire extinguisher is absolutely unique, being quite automatic in operation. All that is necessary is to strike the knob, and the extinguisher (being connected to the danger point of the car—the carburettor) immediately checks any outbreak of fire before it can spread. Such a piece of equipment, approved as it is by the Fire Offices Committee and allowed by fire companies for their usual rebate, makes yet another inducement to motorists to choose one of the 1932 Standards—those most popular products of British skill and labour.

* * *

Operating with four de Havilland "Puss" Moths, the Aerial Transport Company of Siam have recently published some figures which speak volumes for the reliability and efficiency of these machines. During the three months—August, September, and October—these four aeroplanes carried 3,391,719 kilograms of mail, 528,024 kilograms of goods, 22 passengers, and altogether covered 20,840 kilometres. Not once during this period did any of these machines give the slightest vestige of trouble, and the pre-arranged flying schedule was carried through from start to finish with but one delay—a 24 hours stop at Korat, due to bad weather.



THE NEW SINGER "9" FOUR-DOOR SALOON

A really excellent four-seater light car. The price complete is £167 10s., which includes the most amazing fittings

THIS IS THE 10 H.P. CAR THAT DOES OVER

65 IN TOP!



AND WRITE TO-DAY
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OF THE

CROSSLEY TEN

Yes, well over 65 in top and more than 55 in the silent third—with smooth running and perfect safety all the way! No mass-produced job this, but an economical light car, built and tested by the people who make the famous Golden Crossley. You should see it climbing hills! And you can. Just when you like. Fix an appointment to suit your own convenience at any of the addresses below.

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Miss MARGERY BINNEN

Now playing in "So Far and no Father" at the Ambassadors Theatre, writes:-

"PHOSFERINE has been a boon and a blessing to me, and I feel that I owe you just a letter of thanks and appreciation of your wonderful tonic, and the good it has done me. A little while ago after a very busy time, I found myself suffering from a bad cold, a sore throat, also a heavy head—in fact, all the horrible symptoms of 'flu. Apart from this unpleasantness of being laid up, as may be imagined, most actresses hate being 'off' even if only for one night. Fortunately I remembered Phosferine, and took it just in the nick of time, for it banished the approaching 'flu, and moreover put new life into me. After a short course of Phosferine the feeling of being overworked, or run-down, is entirely removed, and I find it much easier to sustain the pressure of work. As all strain and wear on the nerve system has been banished, the problem of how to look and keep well on the stage is solved by Phosferine, and now I would never be without it."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.



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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

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10 for 6^d
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Two New AGNES Models



A new Agnes model is portrayed in this very attractive shape made in black pedal trimmed loops of black satin ribbon. Copy 4 Gns.



The coming season shows a decided vogue for sailor shapes, and this new model by Agnes is carried out in dull coarse straw trimmed velvet ribbon. Copy 3½ Gns.

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New Spring Millinery*

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Witches Curses—continued from p. 374

possession for two or three generations, but finally the mansion was sold to a wealthy ship-owner, who wanted the site of the McDonald's cottage for purposes connected with his yachting. It must be said for him that he offered the McDonalds another cottage, but the old people refused to leave, arguing the circumstances by which the cottage had come into their possession.

The new laird, however, would have none of it, and they were instructed to leave, but as this had no effect, an order of eviction was resorted to, and the old people had to go. A police officer and the fiscal accompanied the laird to see them off the premises, and as the little boat, loaded with their belongings, pushed off from the slip, the old woman breathed a curse upon the laird, saying that the sea which it had been their duty to watch for so many years would claim him and his off-spring, so that none of his line would inherit the estate.

The sequence of events which followed was almost incredible in its tragedy. For two years nothing happened, and by then the laird's eldest boy was just about old enough to accompany his father on sailing jaunts. One day his wife, with the second son in her arms and the little girl a tiny toddler, was watching the return of their yacht to harbour. Aboard it were her husband and her eldest son, and though the weather was not really bad it was sufficiently choppy to require good seamanship. The yacht came quietly in and took up her moorings, then suddenly she was evidently caught by one of those savage gusts which in certain weather come whipping down between the mountains. At all events she simply turned keel uppermost in the twinkling of an eye, but everyone aboard her managed to swim ashore except the laird and his little boy. It is supposed that they went down together, for neither of them was ever found.

Sixteen years later the second boy, heir to the estate and a naval officer, was up in the Firth of Forth for the manoeuvres when he obtained leave to dash home for his twenty-first birthday. His car was actually waiting at Leith for him when the chauffeur received news that the submarine had been rammed and had sunk with all hands!

A year or two later the girl, the only surviving child, was paying a visit to the Pacific Islands when their vessel was caught by a typhoon and the girl was carried overboard and drowned, so that the curse or the prophecy—at times it is difficult to discriminate between the two—of the old people was fulfilled. The sea which it had so long been their duty to watch had claimed not only the laird but all his children!

I well remember a drunken old reprobate in my own village whose face was disfigured by a birth-mark which bore an uncanny resemblance to the wing of a bat. This was believed to be the result of a curse breathed by a witch upon his mother when she was a girl, whereby the witch declared that her first-born should carry for all time the mark of the curse.

I suppose that among a superstitious people it naturally follows that any great calamity is likely to be traced back and accorded to witchcraft. Of such was the tragedy of Culbin village on the Moray Firth about a century ago, for it is said that one day an old woman visited the village in search of charity which she sorely needed, but was repulsed from door to door. When she left the village she uttered a curse upon its inhabitants, and a few days later there occurred the fatal sandstorm which buried the entire village, piling a desert of sand-hills high over the church tower and drifting inland like a miniature Sahara for many miles. Culbin is still deeply buried under millions of tons of sand, and though now and then the shifting desert may reveal a chimney-pot or a pinnacle of the old mansion for an hour or two, the place is lost for all time to human tenancy.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. xii

Plans are well forward for the Twenty-first Birthday Party at Ranelagh on April 8, of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association—bogey foursomes, a luncheon, and putting. If you rub your eyes and ask whether it can really be one-and-twenty years since Miss Stringer sent out a circular to every member of both Houses of Parliament, just wheedle her into showing you the replies which she got to that circular, and the signatures will convince you right enough that time has done a bit of flying since then. Mr. Asquith was the unassuming title of the Prime Minister that year, and he signed a form for his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Asquith (we write in the historical manner) becoming first President. The first name to figure on the Cup as winner of their tournament was Mrs. James Craig, whom we have learnt since to call Lady Craigmorn, wife of the Ulster Premier. Lady Willingdon, instead of putting her vast energies into the business of wife of the Viceroy of India, was Chairman of the Committee of the Parliamentary L.G.A. And so forth, and so on. Those signed circulars are worth looking at, believe me. And with Lady Carisbrooke entering on her tenth year of Presidency, and Miss Stringer on her twenty-first of secretaryship and treasurership, there is no disputing that the L.P.G.A. has faithful officials.

Another World Record with Napier Engine

Capt. Sir Malcolm Campbell, driving his Napier-Campbell "Bluebird," created a new—

World Land Speed Record

when at Daytona on Feb. 24th he covered the measured mile at an average speed of

253·968
m.p.h.

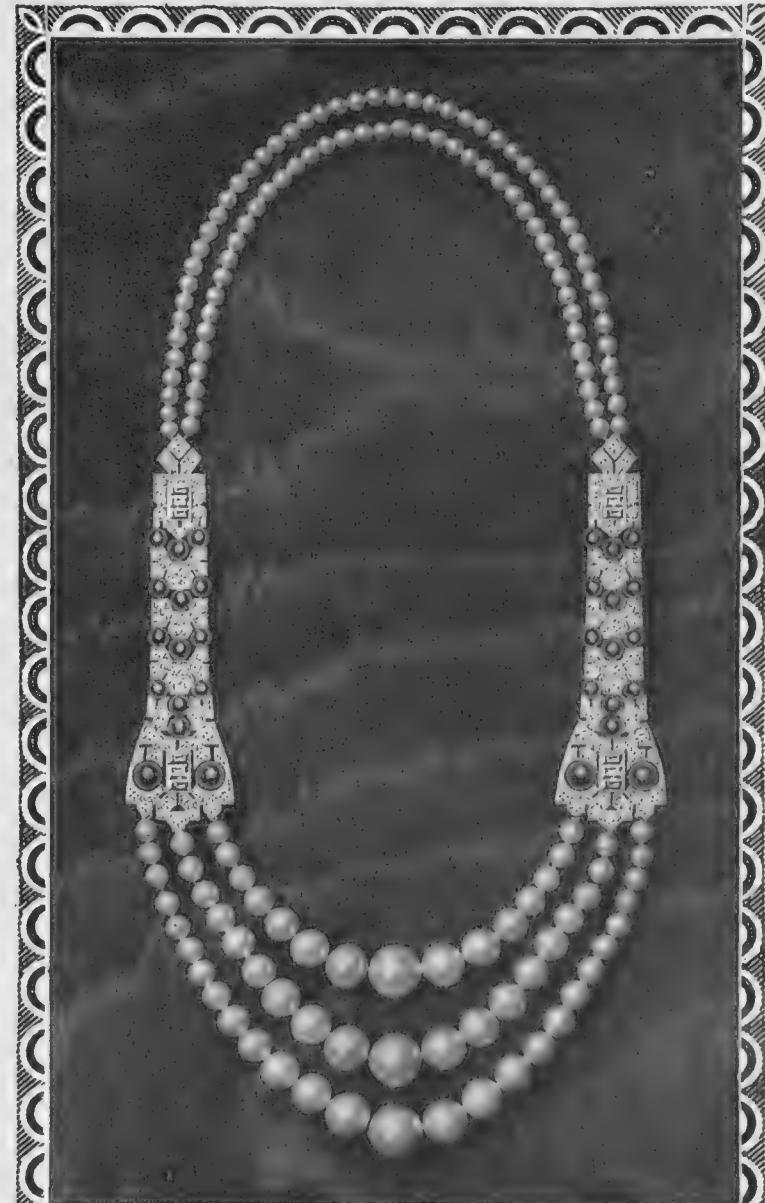
On one run his speed was
267·459 m.p.h.

His engine was a

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was a very good attendance at our general meeting, and we had an interesting discussion as to various ways in which the Association can help its members. It is very much nicer and more helpful when members attend and give their opinions; the committee are only too anxious to take any reasonable steps to forward the interests of members, and anyone with any ideas is always welcome at the office. In these troublous times we must all help one another, and our Association is so strong that it can be of real service to its members if they will make use of it. As a beginning the entrance fee at our Open Show is reduced from 10s. 6d. to 9s. for members. In this connection, I wish all members would send me descriptions of dogs for sale. I am constantly asked for breeds whose owners have not troubled to tell me about them. Even if not for publication I should like to have lists of dogs for sale and stud dogs. I know many owners of small kennels have done exceedingly well through sending in accounts of their dogs.



JIMMY OF SILVERLANDS
The property of Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson

Mrs. Hervey Bathurst writes that she has some good Cairn terrier pups for sale, also a young dog by Ch. Fiery Stefan, a particularly nice dog perfectly house-trained, guaranteed over distemper, a perfectly charming companion, and a good stud dog, nearly two years old. Mrs. Bathurst has bred many good Cairns, and all her dogs lead healthy out-door lives with plenty of sport and hunting.

Congratulations to Lady Howe on her new acquisition, Bramshaw Bob. Bob went right through his classes at Cruft's from débutante to Open, and completed his victories by being awarded the special for the "best

springers and sends a picture of Dochfour Trina with her family; the father is the well-known trial winner, Banchory Boy and as the mother comes of a good trial-winning strain, the pups should turn out good ones.

All letters to
MISS BRUCE,
Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.



DOCHFOUR TRINA AND PUPS
The property of Baroness Burton

dog in the Show" in the keenest competition. Anyone who saw the competitors in the ring knows that it was no mean triumph. Bob is by that wonderful sire, Ch. Ingleston Ben, so is a direct descendant of the famous Bolo. He has in addition to his wins on the bench, won a field trial. Lady Howe also won the special for the best brace in the Show with Bob and Ben.

Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson has done extremely well lately with her cockers, she is one of those who combine show and field trial work; we all know of the victories of the two famous field trial cockers, F.T. Ch. Michael of Silverlands and Knob of Silverlands. She has also done very well with her show dogs and has bred a great many first-prize winners of various colours. When one remembers the enormous entries of cockers at shows, to win is no small feat. The picture is of Jimmy of Silverlands, four months old. He is half-brother to Michael and it is hoped will follow his footsteps at future trials. Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson usually has young stock, both show and trial bred, for sale. It is an excellent thing when anyone will keep both show and trial dogs, like Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson does, as it is a great misfortune for any breed when the show and working sides of it are divided.

Baroness Burton, so well known in Cairns and keeshonds, has lately turned her attention to gun dogs; she showed a brace of Gordon setters at Cruft's. She is also going in for



CAIRNS AND SPANIEL
The property of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst

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55/57 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1

C.F.H.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of waste in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headache.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot

water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

● AT 40

HER TEETH ARE

HER CHARM —

but



Note: A Pyorrhœal condition is disclosed by this X-ray photograph: the bone is spongy and roots are loose.

Radiograph by A. B. Goss, Member Society of Radiographers.

what may the X-rays reveal!

Generally, bleeding and tender gums give warning of Pyorrhœa. They call for prompt measures, if teeth and health are to be saved. Sometimes, however, Pyorrhœa attacks, invisibly, the bony sockets in which the teeth are held—destroying them painlessly but relentlessly. Teeth become loose, are lost. Invalidism results. Only the X-ray can, with certainty, reveal the presence of this dread disease.

Most people know that Pyorrhœa, neglected, means loss of teeth—discomfort—humiliation. Few realise the greater threat to health, even life itself, from the absorption, by the blood, of the poison of Pyorrhœa, a malady caused largely by overfeeding, improper diet, and tartar at the gum-line, where malignant bacteria thrive unchecked.

Alone, Forhan's will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced state. But Forhan's, in addition to being a safe, fine cleaning agent, contains in its formula those elements necessary to condition the gums and prevent Pyorrhœa—to check its growth in earlier stages.

To keep good health and good teeth, use Forhan's for the Gums regularly. You can get it at good Chemists everywhere.

4 out of 5 By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 350)

Witham at Kirkstead, while another was hunted to his doom at Bog's Nook. Saturday's sport from Gunby Gate was just about as good. For eighty minutes hounds ran in delightful fashion, but their fox, when at his last gasp, chanced upon an open earth in the gravel pits at Burgh-le-Marsh—a lucky thing to do!

From the Cheshire

We find ourselves at February 20, and due to fog, frost, and very poor scent sport has been moderate. Everyone was pleased to see the Master out again at Wrenbury and only wish we had enjoyed a better day—rather tree to tree hunting! From the last tree hounds hunted well to Cholmondeley, having previously chopped a brace in the Mosses.

Earlier in the month the Bolesworth Castle estate and many friends celebrated Richard's coming of age. We wish him the best of luck!

Friday from Cholmondeley Schools was disappointing, scent being bad, the best being thirty-five minutes from the Coronation Belt through Nevilles Wood, across the park, and back over the Bickerton, Cholmondeley lane, and the Hampton lane, to ground at Hetherstone Green.

Monday from the Four-lane Ends was a brighter day and, although nearly everyone was delighted to see the sun once more, there were others who did not seem to appreciate the glare; but from all accounts of the "after tea party" held in a semi-empty house the previous evening this is not surprising.

Finding in Pages Wood, hounds ran fast over real good country between Oulton Lowe and Philo, forced their fox through the Cocked Hat, scent failing near the Adjects. One poor lady broke the tree of her saddle (one rather felt those nursing home tea parties might tend to extra weight). The best hunt of the day was from the Hazlehursts to Calveley Schools, back through the park—keeping Pages on the left—to Oulton, hounds being unlucky not to kill after hunting well for sixty-three minutes.

On Tuesday from Burleydam hounds first found in Blakelow Moss and ran into the Wynnstay country but lost their fox near Ash Wood after a nice hunt with a five-mile point. Our "Confederate" who writes for certain papers must be resting, not only his elbow (until after Cheltenham), but his wrist, too, as we have not seen any accounts for some time from which to copy times and points—which is tiresome.

From the York and Ainsty

We had a big field when the South pack met at Hagg Bridge on Saturday (February 20), including the National candidate and his sister, the E.M. and his sister, the jovial hussar and his sister, the colonel who's changed his name, his old college chum who hadn't been in this country for thirty years, the young lady shortly to be wed, the couple with the blue motor horse-box, the other couple with the other blue motor horse-box, and so on. It was depressing to draw all the Melbourne coverts blank, especially on such a chilly day, but the gallop from Ellerton Thorns was capital fun and made us forget our troubles. We ran without a check to Willitoff, then to Brighton Common (a 4½-mile point), and then on more slowly to Bubwith, where we lost him—just as well, as he may become the father of a family, which would be welcome in these parts, especially if they all run as he does.

The Marston Station meet on Tuesday (23rd ult.) was, we believe, almost the last in the "Ainsty," as this part has had a good "doing" this season with no frost to give it a rest. There were several visitors from the Middleton, Holderness, and elsewhere, and we were on the go all day, with enough galloping and jumping to satisfy anyone.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

In referring to the National Greyhound Racing Society under a recent page of pictures we made a grievous error, apparently, in calling it the N.G.R. Association. We apologise. General Critchley is the managing director of the Greyhound Racing Association, a constituent member of the Society. Another communication in connection with this particular form of sport comes to us from the South London Greyhound Race-courses, Ltd., informing us that the word "Gracing" is its registered trade mark.

* * * * *

In spite of economies this year the Royal Artillery Officers' Dramatic Club are again producing their annual play at the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, and the play selected is Frank Vosper's *Murder on the Second Floor*, a thrilling play in three acts. This production will take place during the week, March 14-19, with the usual matinée on Wednesday, March 16. The Royal Artillery Band under Captain Stretton will supply orchestral music. Tickets may be obtained from the hon. secretary, R.A., Officers' Dramatic Club, R.A. Mess, Woolwich.

* * * * *

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will be present, if his engagements permit, at the boxing competitions of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs which are being held at the Albert Hall on March 8. Fifty-seven clubs will be represented in the competitions, for which over 300 entries have been received. The federation supports the work of the clubs by providing competitions, both intellectual and physical, throughout the year. Tickets, which cost from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., may be obtained from the box office, Albert Hall.

* * * * *

H.R.H. the Princess Royal has graciously consented to attend the Ice Carnival at the Ice Club, Westminster, S.W.1, on March 10, in aid of



Stage Photo Co.
"DERBY DAY'S" HEROINE: MISS TESSA DEANE

The barmaid heroine in Mr. A. P. Herbert's latest comic farce, "Derby Day," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Miss Deane, who is a newcomer, has made a definite success, and the property steeed in the picture has also had a few good notices

St. Dunstan's and Dockland Settlements. The pageant on the ice is being produced by Captain Oakes-Jones, entitled "The Pageant of the Seven Seas." There will be exhibition skating by world champions, dancing competitions, and general skating. Tickets, which have been kept as low as possible in price to meet existing circumstances are, members 20s., and non-members 30s. each. This includes a midnight supper. These may be obtained from the Dockland Settlement, Canning Town, or from the Ice Club, Westminster, S.W.1.

* * * * *

The pleasures from possession of a Hard Court are unfortunately often linked with considerable troubles. Dust in dry, moss in damp weather, with frost and drainage troubles during the winter, cause considerable annoyance, damage to courts, and expense. However, Britain's leading Hard Court Clubs possess groundsmen of much knowledge and practical ability, as every visitor to such clubs as Roehampton, Queen's, and West Side Country for instance will see. At least one has been constructing and re-surfacing courts for well over ten years. The experience of these professionals has now been published in a small easily-understood booklet of only sixteen pages, which concisely deals with all troubles and minor reconstructions. Messrs. J. Manger and Son, Ltd., of Kinglands, London, E.8, the makers of "Har-corsall," which is found useful in several of these troubles, will gladly send a free copy of these hints to any Hard Court owner or groundsmen interested in these experts' experiences.

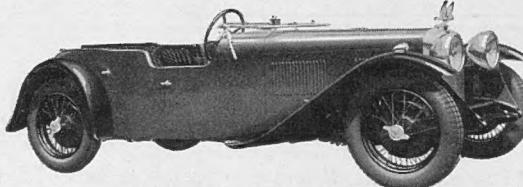
* * * * *

With reference to the photographs in our last issue of the Installation Banquet of the Lord Mayor (Sir Maurice Jenks) as Worshipful Master of the Guildhall Lodge, we much regret that, owing to the wrong names being supplied by the photographer, we mentioned under one of the pictures that the gentlemen referred to were Bro. The Right Hon. Lord Aldenham, P.G.W., and Bro. Brig.-General Lord Henry Seymour, Senior Grand Warden. These names should, of course, have read Bro. The Hon. Justice Bennett, P.G.W., and Bro. Deputy Sir Henry Dixon Kimber, Bart., M.A., P.G. Treas., P.M.

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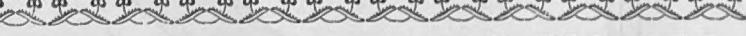
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